

CN CALLING

All splendid deeds
are caught into
the sky
And set to light
the Ages.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**LONDON TO
ANYWHERE
IN THREE DAYS**

See page 4

Number 1026 NOVEMBER 19, 1938

Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTY THOUSAND

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NEWS REEL FOR 7938

Writing For Readers in 6000 Years

ONE of the greatest romances in the history of the world is quietly taking place at the present moment at the University of Oglethorpe.

In a special department there documents are being prepared for sealing in a vault which will keep in perfect condition for future generations to read 6000 years hence.

Although the papyri written by Egyptian historians 1600 years before Christ are in many cases in excellent condition the problem of making still more permanent records of our times for future generations is occupying the minds of many scientific men. A great deal of work is being done today in photographing documents and pictures on narrow bands of film, several thousands of words being copied on a reel of film fifty or a hundred feet long. These tiny images are magnified by a reading machine and thrown up to the original size of the pages from which they were copied. The one difficulty has been that any kind of film is bound to perish.

In this new work at Oglethorpe narrow bands of metal film little more than half an inch wide are being used; this film is sensitised so as to record the photographs. The pictures are developed in a special way in order to

leave the image in raw metal. The film is then etched with a chemical, which leaves an intaglio, or depressed image, slightly below the surface, and this is filled in with an absolutely permanent black chemical compound. As the metal film is made of a pure white nickel alloy the final picture appears black on a white background, and should last indefinitely.

These permanent micro-films are then placed in glass containers. The air is exhausted by a vacuum pump, and finally helium gas is introduced. The glass vessel is then sealed off with a hot flame, and the everlasting photograph, safe in its glass bottle, is put into a specially built crypt.

In this remarkable library for the people of 6000 years hence are being deposited micro-photograph films of 800 books of classics and modern fiction, models of many important inventions, and many objects used in our present daily life. The latest type of micro-film reading machine, home movies made with the new metal film and projectors, are all being put into the crypt, so that there will be no excuse for the people of 200 generations ahead not making themselves fully familiar with our life of today.

TWO BOYS AND THEIR DREAMS

SOME years ago the CN told its readers of two Hungarian boys who went to Budapest, penniless and friendless, to make a career for themselves.

A career, not a fortune—it was Michael Angelo, not Dick Whittington, whose achievements coloured their dreams. Their names were Ignác Ladó and András Péntek.

One hoped to become a sculptor, the other a painter, and to keep body and soul together they shared everything they possessed. Ignác sprang from Transylvanian hill folk famed for their skill in carving things out of wood; András was the son of a labourer in the great Hungarian Plain, where the mirage glows delicately in all the colours of the rainbow and sunsets are gorgeous golden pageants.

The elder Péntek probably never saw paint or brushes in his life, yet it may be that the beauty unconsciously drawn into his simple soul had something to do with his son's desire to paint.

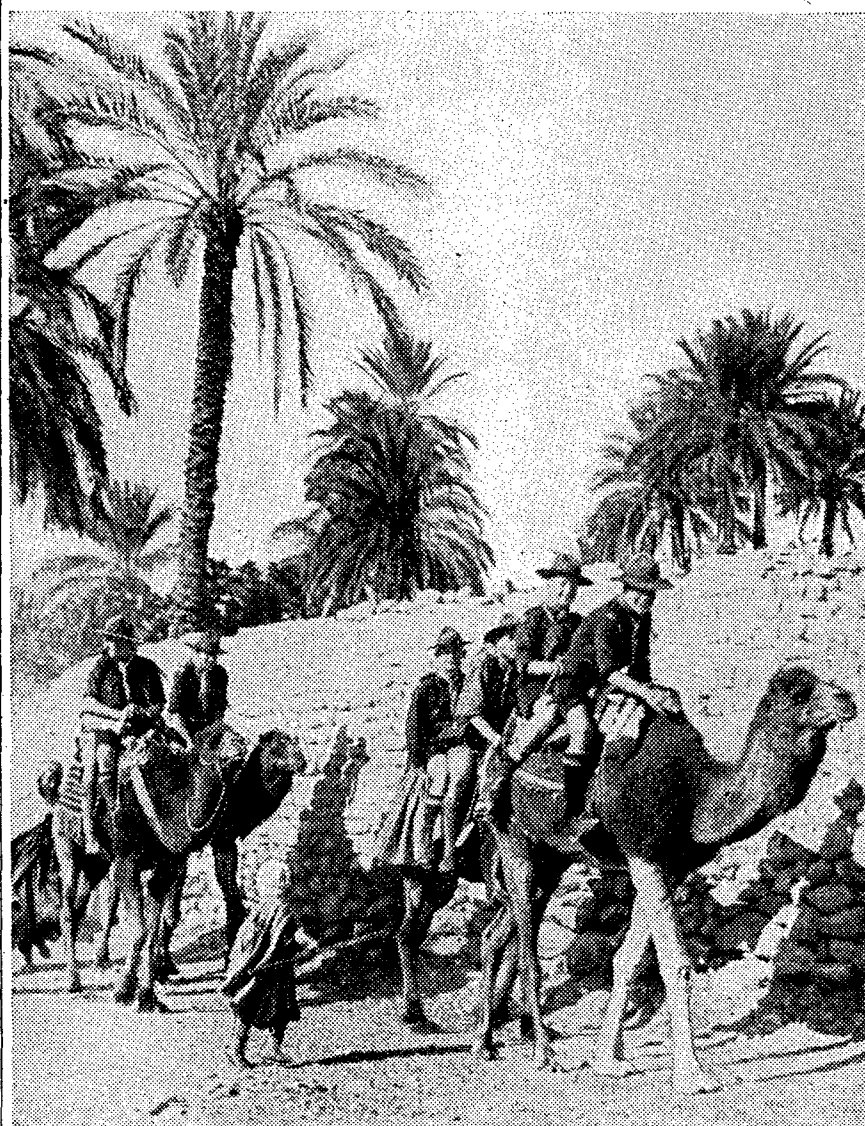
These five years have not been easy years for these ambitious youngsters. They fasted and struggled, all but went under, and came triumphantly to the surface again. Brought together by common ideals, they have been swept

apart by want, have gone separate ways and formed new ties, but they have both achieved something of their dreams.

A year ago Ignác, the older but smaller and frailer of the two, developed symptoms of lung trouble and was taken to a hospital for diseases of the chest. He was kept there six months, and during that time modelled such excellent portrait busts of all the doctors that he drew on himself the attention of an influential patient, and when he left the hospital (it is hoped completely cured) he was given the chance of spending four months in Rome! He has just returned, all in a maze because of the new world revealed to him there, and full of determination to add his own little quota to mankind's garnered store of beautiful things.

András, who has developed into a sturdy young Apollo, has had almost equal good fortune in meeting a young poet of his own age, whose stimulating influence has helped him to produce work of quite exceptional force and originality. Already this work has reaped its reward, for, although only 26, András has been given an order to decorate the interior of a new church with wall-paintings of his own.

Scouts in the Desert



Scouts of Wycliffe College, Stonehouse, who have been camping near Algiers, passing an oasis at Bou-Saada during an excursion into the desert

The Message of 93 Czechs

A COMPANY of 93 Czechs have just come to England to bring a message of friendship from their country.

All over the British Isles they are repeating this message, *in music*.

They are the members of the Prague Philharmonic Orchestra, and when they arrived at Victoria the other day the Lord Mayor of London was there to wish them good luck during their three-week tour of Britain. A few weeks ago they were all in uniform, called up to defend their country against a threatened attack by their German neighbours. When the crisis was over they were specially demobilised so that they could carry on with their rehearsals for the series of British concerts.

On their way to England they had to cross Sudetenland, and had to travel three hours in three buses, with their conductor leading them in a taxi. Once they were stopped because officials wanted to know if their gleaming musical instruments were machine-gun parts!

Their conductor, Rafael Kubelik, son of the famous fiddler Jan Kubelik, and only 24, told the CN that he came to England in the name of the Czech people to express their desire for friendship and peace in a language knowing no national boundaries.

"We are going to make ourselves a new nation," he said, "based on the ideals of that great king who once ruled in Bohemia, and about whom you sing in your famous carol, Good King Wenceslas. His motto was Love, Peace, and Work, and that is what we believe in."

Apple Pie

The people of Wenatchee in Washington gave a great treat to the unemployed the other day. It was an apple pie ten feet in diameter!

A ton of apples, ten pounds of butter, and 100 pounds of flour were put into this huge pie, which was taken to the city park on a lorry.

WHAT GENERAL SMUTS WOULD DO Back to a Better League

The powerful voice of General Smuts has been heard last week all over the Empire.

He declared himself as emphatically a League man, believing that the best course for the world is Back to the League—to a reformed League with special provision to make it possible for America to join, and even, if necessary, with a Committee of the Great Powers which would have special functions.

By some such means, hopes General Smuts, it may be found possible to build up the broken world again. At last equality has been established between the nations, and it has been made clear to all that all peoples desire Peace. In these circumstances it would be an immense waste of human effort to scrap the existing machinery of the League, and instead of trying new experiments we should improve on the old and save what is the only permanent gain we have from the Great War.

An Eye on the Road

Experts are keeping an eye on the Colnbrook bypass road in Buckinghamshire.

Near the road stands the Road Research Laboratory at Harmondsworth, and every hour of the day and night electrically-operated instruments keep a vigilant watch on passing traffic.

Unseen by motorists and other road-users are cameras and counting apparatus. At one point traffic has to pass over rubber pads, and as these sink beneath the weight of lorries and cars electric relays are closed, controlling counting machines which register the number of vehicles. At another point a hut shelters a camera, and by a clever device observers are able to note which parts of the road are most often used.

Sentry at the Fire

We all know that for weeks children will collect anything that will burn for their bonfire on the Fifth of November, and it is not by any means an unheard-of thing that rival gangs will set fire to the collection a few nights before the great celebration.

We hear of a case in which this evil plan was successfully thwarted this year, for some children, having built up their fire near Dartford Heath, put up a tent and took it in turns to do sentry duty all night so that no harm should come to it. Kind people living near by took them hot drinks to cheer them.

What is Hearing Distance?

Even America has been having A R P experiments, and with such immense open spaces in which to carry out the tests they seem to have obtained data not available in lands so small and noisy with activities as our own.

One of the experiments was to learn at what distance an aeroplane in flight can be heard, and results show that for people of average hearing the distance is four miles.

So that if a machine were flying at the rate of 240 miles an hour an observer at a defensive post, on hearing the machine, would have just one minute to make ready for action.

Parking Room For All

We told some time ago of the parking place for perambulators in Berlin, and now we hear that children and pets need no longer hamper parents who want to go shopping in Cologne. A big car-parking place there has a section for baby carriages of all kinds, where infants may be left under a nurse's watchful eye. There is also a playground for older children; and even dogs are not forgotten, for kennels may be hired.

AMERICA 40 Millions at the Poll

Forty million Americans have been to the poll, voting for members of Congress.

America has been electing her new House of 433 Representatives, a third of her Senate, and the Governors of 33 of the States in the Union. The election has been an important one, for its result will affect the policy of President Roosevelt for the next two years, at the end of which he, or someone advocating his ideals, will go to the poll in opposition to the Republican Party's representative.

Ever since President Roosevelt swept to victory in 1932 with a huge majority of the Democratic Party in both Senate and Chamber his party had increased its strength at the two-year elections, a very uncommon event in any democratic country.

The result of the recent election is regarded as an indication of the way the elections of 1940 will go, revealing to what extent the people of America are behind the forward policy of the President. Roughly the result shows that the Democratic Party has lost a little of the support of a people which placed it so overwhelmingly in power six years ago.

DOROTHY SPILLER'S WINTER

A Few Friends Wanted

In the soft air of Torquay Dorothy Spiller, aged six, is spending the winter away from the fogs and smoke of London, her home.

She may have to stay longer, for poor Dorothy is suffering from lungs so delicate and afflicted that if she were not to go away she might not see another spring.

There are many other invalid children whom their poor parents, like those of Dorothy (whose father is a plasterer out of work and with two other children to feed and clothe), cannot afford to rescue from the ills that threaten them. How can a man on the dole pay 15 shillings a week, which Dorothy costs at Torquay?

To such as these the Invalid Children's Aid Association, of which Lady Keppel is honorary secretary, gives a helping hand while it has the money to do so.

It is Lady Keppel who writes to us about Dorothy to ask the C N's help in making her need known. We gladly do so, for the Invalid Children's Aid Association is well and honourably known to us, and we hope a few C N readers will send a subscription to the Association at Carnegie House, 117 Piccadilly, W. 1. It may save Dorothy's life, and would perhaps form a part of their thanksgiving for the Peace which has not been broken.

The Bridge of Flowers

The women of Shelburne Falls in Massachusetts have set an example for all to follow.

Not long ago an old trolley bridge across the Deerfield river was so ugly and dilapidated that the Women's Club decided to do something about it. Today it is known as the Bridge of Flowers. Masses of trailing vines clothe one side of the 400-foot span with beauty, while on each side of the foot-path are gay flowers making the once hideous old bridge an unforgettable memory for the motorist passing by.

A Sticky Cargo

Two tankers arriving in Montreal from the West Indies not long ago each carried over a million gallons of cane molasses. Over 90 per cent of all industrial alcohol made for medicinal purposes comes from cane blackstrap molasses.

ROYAL VISITS The King on His Plans

Now that personal contact has become so important a factor in international affairs, it is interesting to note this passage from the King's speech at the opening of Parliament last week.

I have invited the King of Rumania to visit me this month, and I look forward with pleasure to his stay in my capital.

I have also invited the President of the French Republic to visit me in the spring of next year, and I feel assured that this visit will cause great satisfaction to all my people.

The Queen and I are anticipating with the keenest pleasure the visit which we are hoping to pay to my Dominion of Canada next summer.

I have been happy to accept an invitation extended to the Queen and myself by the President to visit the United States of America before the conclusion of my Canadian tour. I warmly welcome this practical expression of the good feeling that prevails between our countries.

New Zealand Nearer and Nearer

On November 5 we received in the C N office an envelope we had posted a month before; it had been to New Zealand and back in a few hours over four weeks.

The envelope bears the postmark of October 7, when it was despatched by us, and that of October 22 when it reached Morrinsville in New Zealand, where our correspondent at once re-addressed it and posted it.

The journey could actually have taken less time, for letters posted in London on October 9 accompanied it on the airliner Corio to Sydney, a journey of 9½ days. The mail was at once taken by launch to a steamer about to make the 2½-day voyage to Auckland, so that only 12 days were taken between London and Auckland, a record for this mail service.

The Golliwog Lady

For the past two years Mrs A. F. Boyce, an elderly lady of Remuera, Auckland, New Zealand, has been almost entirely bedridden, but in that time she has made hundreds of golliwog dolls, which she gives away to children in orphanages, hospitals, and in remote country districts.

Altogether she has made about 700 golliwogs during the past four years. She uses old black woollen stockings for the heads and bodies of the golliwogs, most of the stockings being sent to her by the girls of the local grammar school.

The children who pass her home always wave their greetings to this busy old lady, whom they see sewing away at her bedroom window. They call her the Golliwog Lady, and she is known by this name to hundreds of children who have received her golliwogs.

When the last mail left New Zealand old Mrs Boyce was busily making up a dozen special golliwogs to be sent to the leper settlement on Makongai Island, in the Fiji Group, where hundreds of unfortunate lepers from the Pacific islands have to be isolated from the rest of the world.

A Thousand Leaves

No one who has spent an autumn in Canada ever forgets the beauty of the trees, when oak and maple leaves rival each other in reds, yellows, and orange.

The maple leaf is perhaps the most colourful, and it is interesting to hear that each year for the past five years a competition has been held in Canada for the biggest and most beautiful maple leaf. This year over 1000 leaves were entered, and judged by prominent artists. When the contest is over the leaves are sent on a national tour.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Needy widows with children are to receive a monthly allowance from the Province of Quebec in Canada.

Mr Henry Cooper, who has recently celebrated his 87th birthday, is still working in a solicitor's office where he has been for 73 years.

A sketch of a boy's head, pasted on a wooden panel and found among rubbish in a country house in Berkshire, has been established as a Van Dyck.

The postal authorities of Washington have decided to give safety awards to drivers who carry the mail for six months without an accident.

The church of Cliffe-at-Hoo in Kent has a chorister who has been singing in the choir 65 years, ringing the bells for 40, and winding up the clock for 45.

A new levy on capital has been imposed in Italy.

Canada's oldest church, Our Lady of Victories, a wooden building in the heart of old Quebec, has just kept its 250th anniversary.

Of 4020 French churches destroyed or damaged in the war more than 3800 have been rebuilt.

New York's death-rate has been halved in the last 60 years.

The American people have been healthier in the last six months than ever before.

The Manx cats are pricking up their ears, for they hear that the Isle of Man Government is offering 4d a tail for every rat caught during a campaign now being started against the rats on the island.

THINGS SEEN

A Suffolk field of barley being cut in November at Kedington.

A lorry entirely blotted out by a smoke screen from its own exhaust on the Sidcup road.

A Cabinet Minister passing the Cenotaph without raising his hat.

Buttercups and honeysuckle blooming in a Kent hedgerow in November.

A pear weighing 27 ounces picked off a tree.

No Japanese will be served here. Notice at a Chinese restaurant in London.

Ten thousand people a day filing past Lenin's tomb in Moscow.

THINGS SAID

Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini are great men. Mr Macquisten, M P

You ask if we can leave our fort. It is out of the question. The smallest number which can venture out is a Company. An Italian officer in Abyssinia

The Royal West Kents never lost a trench in the Great War. A Man of Kent

Every week £1,000,000 is diverted from the channels of commerce into football pools. Revd Noel Hutchcroft

The statesman thinks of the next generation; the politician thinks of the next election.

Archdeacon Gower-Rees of Montreal It is an essential part of a Dictator's business always to be angry about something. Chicago Daily News

The universe begins to look more like a great thought than a great machine. Sir James Jeans

Motor-cars, donkeys, and barrows can be parked outside the church.

Notice in Old Kent Road

THE BROADCASTER

THE National Trust now controls 80,000 acres of the country.

THE Isle of Man air services have flown 600,000 miles without an accident.

OVER 2000 hospitals are supplied with books by the British Red Cross.

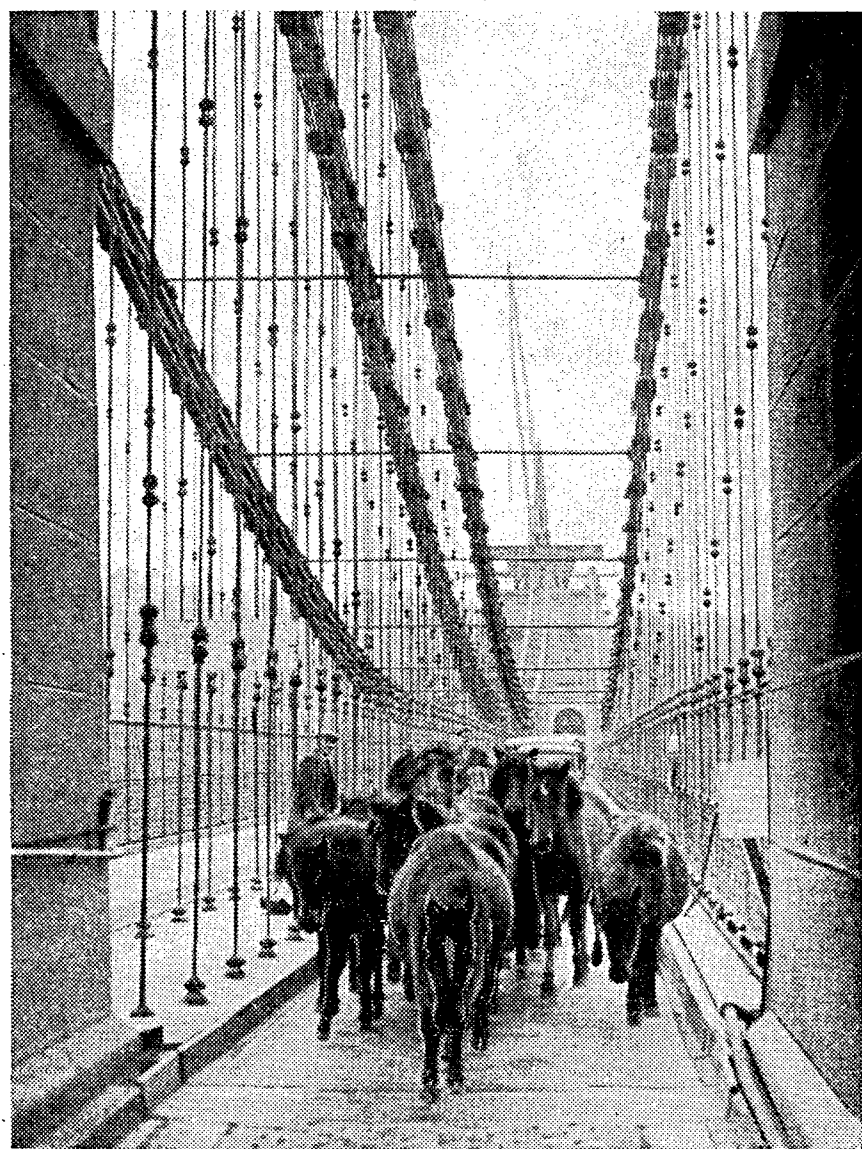
Richmond Park Deer • A Country Ride • Ponies on Menai Bridge



Follow the Leader—Deer marching in single file across the shallows of a pond in Richmond Park, Surrey



Autumn Scene—Returning from the morning ride along a poplar-lined avenue, at Queen Charlton near Bristol



Traffic Hold-Up—Ponies going to a horse fair making their leisurely way across the Menai Bridge, causing a slow-down of traffic

A LIFE FOR AFRICA

Lord Lugard's Two Monuments

Fifty years ago Colonel Lugard routed the slave traders on Lake Nyassa, where the slave caravans passed on their way to the East African coast.

He was wounded in the fight, and that honourable scar marked the beginning of a career in Africa which, with a short interval in China, has lasted ever since. Uganda and East Africa bear witness to his sterling worth, but Nigeria in West Africa is witness to his most lasting achievement.

He made Nigeria healthy, wealthy, and wise, and just before the war began he united North and South Nigeria and became their first Governor-General.

George the Fifth added a peerage to his other honours, and today past and present Nigerians have subscribed for a statuette of their Governor placed in the Imperial Institute, and presented to it by the Earl of Athlone, president of the Royal African Society.

That is a better way of commemorating a man's worth than waiting till he has passed on and can never see his monument. Now Lord Lugard has two monuments, for, when all is said, his finest monument, less perishable than bronze, is Nigeria itself.

Transporting London's Millions

The London Passenger Transport Board deals in immense figures. It is five years old this year, and its annual report has some surprising figures.

Its traffic is divided into four sections, railways, buses and coaches, trams, and trolley-buses. During the year ending June 30 over 480 million people travelled by train, nearly 2200 million by bus and coach, over 700 million by tram, and 367 million by trolley-bus. In 12 months the London Passenger Transport Board carried from one place to another 3700 million people.

As the total population of the world is estimated to be round about 2000 millions, the London Passenger Transport Board may claim to have dealt with almost twice as many people as there are on earth.

Nearly £2,000,000 has been paid in taxation on petrol and in licensing vehicles. The staff is 80,000 strong and the year's wages amount to £16,000,000.

The Coffee Mystery

The British Empire is increasingly producing coffee, but the British people refuse to drink it. Why?

Mr Amery, M.P., has been pointing out that we drink an average of under three cups a month per head of the population, compared with about 15 cups a head on the Continent. There is no reason why consumption should not be higher if we made better coffee. He recalled the remark attributed to Mark Twain in addressing a steward on board ship:

If this is coffee, bring me tea; if it is tea, bring me coffee.

The fact is that our people treat coffee as they do tea. Good tea can be made with very little tea, but good coffee calls for a great deal of coffee. Good coffee is therefore dearer to make than good tea, but the lover of coffee urges that it is worth the difference.

America is the land where coffee is made in perfection, whether in home, restaurant, or train.

Sailing Across the Atlantic

A young lady Viking has just sailed across the Atlantic as her ancestors did long ago, in a sailing ship. Her name is Anna Foyn Bjorness, and in a 45-foot auxiliary ketch with a crew of three this brave Norwegian sailed from her homeland across the ocean to America, where the man she is to marry met her.

London To Anywhere in Three Days

THE WONDER THAT HAS HAPPENED

No place on the earth is now more than three days away from any other by air.

A heavy plane can fly without a stop a third of the way round the world, a distance of about 8000 miles. Such a plane could go round the world with only two stops. It could cross the Pacific or any ocean with ease. It could fly the Atlantic Ocean from Europe to America and back again without stopping to re-fuel. It could fly from any aerodrome to any other in Great Britain or in Europe, going and coming without a stop.

All the cities and all the countries are spread out before it, easily within its reach, and from half of them it could return after doing no more than spread its wings above them. It has beaten the bird in its longest distance flight.

The Triumphant Flight

All this follows from the triumphant flight from Ismailia in Egypt to Port Darwin in Australia, 7162 miles non-stop, of two R A F British Wellesley planes, in five minutes over 48 hours. Three planes started together, kept together nearly all the way; two of them landed at Port Darwin together. The third had to stop on the island of Timor, 400 miles from the goal, but then took the air to follow its companions. It had flown 6700 miles without stopping, a record beaten only by its companions.

These are the bare facts and figures of the flight, which was not undertaken as a daring attempt by the courageous argonauts of the air, of whom there have been many; to show what human determination and endurance can do, but as an exercise by the flying officers and men of the R A F, and as a test for their most highly-tested machines. As a flight it was stretched to the utmost, or almost the utmost, of the capability of the machine, and so cannot be yet classed as a part of a regular routine. But the spectacular flight of today will be the routine flight of tomorrow. The R A F machines will go farther and fare better.

Yet if, when so much has been done, more is expected, no praise or admiration

could be too much for the genius that has perfected the machine and the patience and resolution which has trained the men to get the most out of its powers. Any one of these machines contains many thousands of parts. Every part must be made to a fineness such that under the most rigorous test it will stand up to the strain.

No collapse of any important bearing must take place under the tremendous strain of a 7000-mile flight of a machine which when fully loaded weighs 19,000 lbs (more than eight tons), for such a breakdown would spell disaster. The planes carry besides the two flying officers another man who is wireless operator and mechanic, as well as a reserve pilot; but he could not carry out crucial mechanical repairs in the air.

They will not be necessary, because each of the many parts of the machine has been tested to a hairsbreadth for accuracy, and its strength estimated by every known means. Accidents have occurred because an unseen weakness has developed under strain in the metallic part of a machine. But now the metal is tested beforehand by X-rays for hidden flaws. Nothing is left to chance. Science has done its utmost to make the accident impossible.

Automatic Control

What science and invention have done to perfect these wonderful machines only the engineers of aircraft know. Two devices may specially be mentioned. One is the Vickers geodetic construction of its monoplane wings, which confers a greatly increased strength without increase of weight, but rather with a diminution of it. Another is the automatic control which enables the plane to be flown by itself over long distances as satisfactorily as if in the hands of a skilled pilot. A gyroscope driven by compressed air automatically controls rudder, elevator, and ailerons of the aircraft. Any deviation is at once detected and corrected.

Wonderful indeed, and the chief wonder is the adaptability of the brain of man which has contrived it.

CN Parcel For the Children in Spain

Dear Editor, I have just returned from Barcelona, where I was busy looking after the needs of 360 children in colonies in the country.

One day we opened a big packing case full of parcels from England. It was the response to your appeal for pencils and paper for Spanish children.

We found so many letters that we could only send a printed "thank you" in reply.

Books and pencils were sorted and put

ready in suitcases to go with a lorry load of food to each colony.

I was at a colony when a case was opened in the workshop. Everything was welcomed, but best of all was a gift of four hand fretsaws. These will serve for model-making better than penknives, the only tools that the master has.

I had no idea that acorns would make such good models. Now we are opening colonies for 2000 more children, and

have nothing left to spend on school books, pencils, maps, or pictures. How splendid if your readers will help again!

Spanish children are very good at drawing and coloured crayon work. Here is an example of their drawing.

Yours sincerely,
ANGUS McCOWEN.
Spain Committee,
Friends House,
Euston Road,
London.



Drawings by a Spanish Child

THE EAST END ACADEMY

A Docker as Painter

Down in the East End of London is an art gallery, with an annual attendance as big as that of the Tate Gallery, where mothers push their prams round while looking at the pictures.

Here in the Whitechapel Art Gallery poor people are encouraged to come to see masterpieces of painting as often as they like. Entrance is free. There is not even a turnstile to pass through. The visitor has only to step off the crowded pavement of Whitechapel High Street into the open doorway.

Just now masterpieces of the past have been stacked away and East Enders are being invited to see paintings by their own neighbours, for an East End Academy is in progress.

Some of the painters whose work is exhibited have never had a painting lesson in their lives; one girl artist has learnt all she knows from books on painting borrowed from a library. Others have been more fortunate and reveal not only natural talent but technical accomplishment. One striking picture is of a violinist, painted in his spare time by a dock labourer.

Here and there a picture has something more behind it than paint and brushes and an eye for colour and design. There is one, for example, which shows a loaf of bread and a packet of margarine, and in the background, as hazy as an unfulfilled dream, a joint of meat. The title of this still-life picture is Public Assistance Committee Maintenance, and it tells a story of want and poverty that should not be in this land of ours.

British Money Away From Home

British investors mourn the loss of large sums invested abroad and in many cases must wish they had invested their money at home.

In South American railways, for example, the gigantic sum of £250,000,000 has been invested by British capitalists, but little interest is now being received on it.

Over £150,000,000 has been invested by British people in mines in Mexico and Russia, and this sum has been entirely lost. In the last 20 years the losses of British investors in foreign countries have amounted to £650,000,000.

This sum invested at home could have given new life to home industries and employed tens of thousands of workers. It was the hope of high rates of profit that sent the capital abroad, and now the high rates have failed.

The Unknown Artist

Few of those who visited the Coal Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition failed to stop and admire the perfectly carved coal chair on view there.

Fashioned from cannel coal, it is believed to be over fifty years old. It was loaned by a colliery manager, to whom an old miner gave it thirty years ago, but neither the giver nor the receiver knew its maker. Perhaps the miner who made it is still alive and will make himself known, for a search is being made for him all over Scotland. Perhaps he passed away long ago and the chair will keep its label: *By an unknown Scottish miner.*

A Farmhouse Festival

One of the most unusual harvest festivals held this year was that held in a lonely moorland farmhouse at Troutsdale, conducted by the headmaster of Pickering Grammar School, Mr Austin Hyde, whose grandfather worshipped there half a century ago.

A HERO AT SIXTY

While David Williams was walking by the flooded Rhondda River he caught sight of a little maid of four who was being carried downstream.

In spite of his 60 years he plunged into the river without stopping to take off any of his clothing, and after a struggle he succeeded in rescuing Olga Parry.

As he was swimming back he saw Olga's baby brother floating in the water, and, though almost exhausted by his first effort, David went to the baby's rescue. Happily both children were saved, and their rescuer has now been presented with a parchment from the Royal Humane Society.

GOOD NEWS FOR 50 MEN

St Helens Colliery and Brick Works at Workington in Cumberland has had the good fortune to discover a new seam of coal, and it is estimated that the supply will be sufficient to give employment for something like 30 years. About 50 men will begin work almost at once, and more will be needed when the mine gets into working order.



A wind-made sunshade at Clevedon in Somerset

SPEED TRACK THRILLS

There are few boys who are not thrilled by motor racing. The romance, thrills, and history of this absorbing subject are entertainingly dealt with in the Modern Boy's Book of Racing Cars, which is now on sale at four shillings.

The book is written by experts, and has a wealth of illustrations including very many quick-action photographs of famous racing motorists at speed.

Modern Boy's Book of Racing Cars captures all the breathless excitement of track and pits, and it is just the gift for the modern boy.

BRER RABBIT IN THE CABBAGE PATCH

A cunning old fellow was Brer Rabbit, and it seems as if some of his descendants are now living near Clydebank only a little way from the cradle of the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth.

For some time hundreds of workmen employed by John Brown and Company noticed that the green vegetables in their allotments were nibbled away, but they were not lucky enough to see the thieves.

One day it was found that the thieves were rabbits, but exceedingly intelligent rabbits. Too cunning to approach during dinner-hour or after work was finished for the day, they waited for the buzzer to blow, and as soon as the workmen left their plots and went to work the rabbits hopped into the vegetable beds, enjoying themselves till the buzzer went again. Then the rabbits went too.

A PRIME MINISTER FOR SALE

Anyone who wants a Prime Minister may have him for half a guinea.

Figures of Mr Chamberlain are now on sale in a Regent Street toyshop, and in one of the designs he is shown in black coat and striped trousers, in the other as an angler, his breeches tucked into rubber boots.

A Modern Alexander

ALEXANDER called the Great won fame by destroying life. Alexander McCall has been awarded a Carnegie certificate for his gallantry in saving life.

He and Ernest Devaney have both been rewarded for their courage in a crisis. A sudden rush of water swept onwards in a lead mine at Darley Dale in Derbyshire, a cataract pouring down a shaft at 20 tons a minute. Men were trapped in the workings, but Alexander McCall was lowered 50 feet to reach the trapped men and guide them along an alternative route. During the descent this courageous hero sustained several

injuries, but he had no time to heed them. In the thrilling moments which followed, one of the men, Ernest Devaney, became anxious about a pumpman who was working nearly 50 feet below the flooded part of the mine. He forced his way against the roaring torrent and struggled along for nearly half a mile. Three times he was swept off his feet, but with the aid of other miners he was lowered to the spot where the pumpman was still standing at the post of duty. The two were hauled to safety, and all the men succeeded in making good their escape.

£5 FOR THE OLD LADY

There was a tense moment in London when three men attacked a cashier who was carrying £200 to a workshop.

The cashier threw the money to an old lady close by, and she was brave enough to keep it till the bandits drove off. Now the cashier's employers have sent her five pounds.

The old lady is Mrs Feast of Tottenham, and five pounds to her is a feast and a fortune. With it she hopes to buy herself warm clothing for the winter, a pair of good shoes, and some coal; but she will put a little of her money on one side so that she may make a gift to her son, who has been in hospital many years.

LAST YEAR'S SCHOOLS

The elementary schools of England and Wales last year had 4,588,000 girls and boys in attendance, and they were taught by 168,016 teachers, about 27 pupils to one teacher.

The cost of the teaching came out at £9 10s 11d for each child.

In spite of this errand-boys come to our door who are unable to speak English reasonably well and who write their own names very badly. The latest errand-boy we met could not spell the word Received.

A YORKSHIRE NANNIE

Another faithful Nannie has finished her life of willing and beautiful service in the same family.

She was Miss Annie Bellwood, who remained in the Garnett family of Otley and Burley-in-Wharfedale for 57 years. All along a greatly loved friend and companion, she was a real Nannie who never lost her temper, was ever ready to nurse children or soothe their injuries, or sit by them day and night when they were ill. She told stories, corrected faults gently, and forgot herself in her devotion to those whom it was her life-long joy to serve. She was born in Leeds, and she has died in Leeds at 75. At the end she was too weak to say Please, but her last words were Thank You.

Wise Men Who Were Foolish

It is 617 years since Dante died, yet here comes another English translation of him, this by Mr Laurence Binyon, one of our most gifted poets, with a glorious gift of music. His translation removes the reproach that no English poet has worthily translated the immortal Italian.

The fact that we still read Dante with wonder and delight is a warning to us all to test and try for ourselves and not to rely on the judgment of self-appointed critics, however eminent. For, according to strictures uttered by learning and wisdom in bygone times, the world ought by now to have forgotten that Dante ever lived or wrote.

Said our vivacious Horace Walpole more than a century ago: "Dante is extravagant, absurd, disgusting; in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." The great Voltaire was not more complimentary; the poem to which Mr

Binyon has devoted such loving care he condemned as extravagant and barbarous.

Well, they all nod at times. Did not Walpole describe Boswell's Johnson, incomparably the greatest work of its kind, as the story of a mountebank and his zany? Did not Landor characterise Gibbons' History of Rome as that of an old, dressed-up fop? Did not even Southey speak of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner as "the clumsiest attempt at German simplicity I ever saw," and Wordsworth dismiss Burns's "Scots wha hae" as trash and stuff?

The works thus condemned are among the richest threads of gold running through our literature, and instead of Italy's Dante being forgotten Mr Binyon's translation is welcomed as one of the most exciting events in modern scholarship.

THIS HONEST WORLD

There was apparently a windfall for the crowd at Clones Fair in County Monaghan, when farmers and dealers found pound notes flitting over their heads, fluttering against their faces, and falling like autumn leaves about their feet. Anyone who had wanted to make a little money in next-to-no-time had only to pick up a few notes.

But no one did. What happened was that Mr John Mitchell McCoy, a cattle dealer, was about to pay for some cattle by handing over 175 pound notes when a gust of wind blew the money out of his hand. Some were caught in their flight, some trampled by cattle, but every note was returned to its grateful owner.

TRAIN STOPPED BY SNAILS

As a train was carrying 400 tons of goods from Dennington to Warrnambool in Victoria the other day the wheels began to skid and the train stopped.

Thousands of snails covered the rails, and before the train could proceed 100 tons of its load had to be dumped on the wayside. An Australian naturalist stated that this species of snail had been introduced into the Dominion from England some years ago.

THE THIEF

Stolen milk is sweetest, says the old proverb, and somebody has been stealing milk in Scarborough; or, rather, he has been running off with the cream.

Complaints have been made in the Falsgrave district that the bottles of milk have been tampered with, and housewives have found holes in the lids and only half the usual amount of cream on the milk.

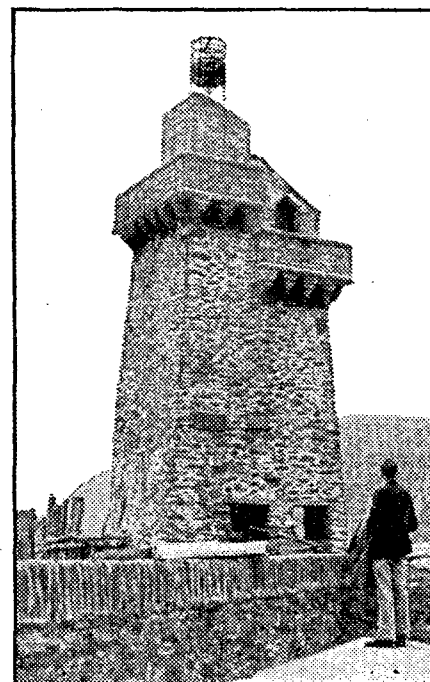
The thief has not yet been caught, but he is known to the police. He is a very little chap, a blue-tit which taps on the cardboard lid of the milk bottles till he has perforated it, and then helps himself.

GOOD MORNING, SIR

An enterprising unemployed man at Liverpool has been making an original attempt to secure work.

For several mornings he has stood by a busy road along which many business men drive to the city, and on a blackboard he has chalked in big letters: *Good morning, sir, can you find me a job?*

We have not heard, but we are almost certain that he will have found one.



The old lighthouse with its beacon, now electrically lighted, at Lynmouth Harbour

A CIGARETTE FROM THE CAR

The danger from the reckless motorist who persists in throwing cigarette ends out of his car was seen the other day in Peckham, when a driver threw his cigarette end, still alight, out of the window into a boy's pocket, where it set light to a comb (presumably made of celluloid) and injured the boy.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 19 1938

Won by Waiting

ONE of the very odd stories from the Antique Dealers Fair at Grosvenor House is about a pair of Chelsea porcelain figures which changed hands.

They were not cheap. Forty-five pounds was the price, but the man who bought them, after long examination with the eye of an expert, hardly looked as if he could pay for them. Pay for them he did, in ten-shilling notes, shillings, and sixpences, and something in coppers.

To the rather astonished dealer he explained his purchase. The fact was, he said, he was a waiter in a restaurant and had saved the money out of his tips. It had taken him a long time, but it was worth it.

Some might think he could have invested his savings better, but what he did is a shining witness to the love of beauty in the humble man who waited for it.

No Shakespeare? No Spenser

NOTHING having been found in the excavations in Poets Corner, we understand that those who believe there was no Shakespeare now believe there was no Edmund Spenser.

A Turnip Mystery

A RETIRED commander of the Royal Navy tells us that he is selling turnips, first-class stuff, at sixpence for 56 pounds. That is roundly nine pounds a penny!

The commander goes on to say that his turnips are retailed at four for 3d, and the average number to half a cwt is 80. It must be quite obvious that "an unfair price is being paid to the producer and that an equally unfair demand is made to the consumer."

Indeed it is obvious, for the 56 pounds of turnips sold for sixpence fetch five shillings retail!

We shall never do justice to the British food producer while such enormous margins stand between farmer and housewife and between fisherman and housewife.

Making Progress

WE congratulate the Magistrates Association on the favourable hearing it gave to one of its Surrey members who suggested a uniform scale of fines for offending motorists.

Mr Kimber Bull, J.P., suggested that for first offences for speeding the fine should be: for up to 40 miles an hour, £2; up to 45 miles, £5; up to 50 miles, £10; over 50 miles, £20. He also urged that drunken motorists should be imprisoned without the option of a fine, a proposal with which we warmly agree. We seem to be making some progress.

JUST AN IDEA

Have you been so busy doing things of late that you have not had time to ask yourself if they were worth doing?



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Are You Dropping Bombs on China?

ARE you dropping bombs on China?

It would be the saddest thing that you have ever done and you will shudder at the thought of it, but you may do it all unknowing. To such a pass has this world come in these days of the breaking-up of nations that in going about our peaceful lives we may be building up another nation's war. We must stop to think of it if we have any pity in our hearts.

Japan is stealing China and destroying it; but this barbarous island empire must buy the weapons with which she fights, and she comes to us for them. It is Civilisation which feeds the fires of Barbarism. Japan must have our money to buy her instruments of death.

Perhaps you begin to see how it works. You have seen in the shops this flood of cheap things from Japan—umbrellas for sixpence, cotton goods for next to nothing, cheap inflammable toys for children, paper caps, Christmas crackers. They look attractive and perhaps you buy them, and your money goes into Japanese bombs.

You are buying a toy for your little boy, a little engine that runs so merrily along the floor; you love to watch him playing with it. You are buying a doll for your girl; it is wonderfully cheap and she loves it. You are buying a rattle for your baby, and it will keep him good for hours. Are you making them happy by buying bombs to drop on Chinese children?

These children are being driven from their homes in multitudes. Any midnight or noontide a bomb may fall on them. Those boys and girls who can are helping their country by carrying food and supplies to their fathers

and brothers who fight to keep back the Japanese hordes; you can help them by sending a mite to the China Campaign Committee, or can hamper them by buying a Japanese toy and letting your mite be spent on bombs. Perhaps it breaks your heart to think of toys feeding the traffic in bombs, but civilisation has come to that. The Japanese toy you buy for your child means death to a child in China.

These peaceful Chinese people have done Japan no harm. There are so many of them that it is hard to think of them as individuals, but there are no people in the world more simple and less harmful if they are left alone. Japan is blowing them to pieces, burning their homes, destroying their cities, mangling little children and starving them to death; and she is doing it with the things she buys with our money, the money we pay her for goods we can do without.

These celluloid toys that will catch fire so easily (even out of doors in the sun), these murderous things that have burned many an English child to death, come largely from Japan: what a trade it is—a Japanese celluloid doll to burn an English child to death, sold to make money for a bomb to blow a Chinese child to bits.

Perhaps you will think it over and hesitate before you buy a thing marked *made in Japan*, or even marked *foreign*, for that is done to deceive us. Perhaps you will draw back in horror to think what the words may mean, for what Englishman, what Englishwoman, would have it on their conscience that they were dropping bombs on China, making a Chinese holocaust to give a happy Christmas to an English child? ARTHUR MEE

The Rowan Tree of Barony Street

AN Edinburgh mother is appealing to the Corporation to spare a tree. She is Mrs Hind, and there seems every hope that her wishes will be respected.

The tree was planted by her son Henry when he was a boy of nine. He loved flowers and all green things, and one day at Musselburgh he bought a little tree for a shilling, carried it home, and planted it in what he had always regarded as the unloveliest corner of the garden. It was a rowan, and grew well, and when Henry Hind was killed at the war ten years after his mother came to regard his rowan tree as a living memorial to her lost boy.

A little while ago a demolition scheme threatened the tree, but in response to Mrs Hind's appeal efforts are being made to save it, and it is hoped that the tree will be within the pavement line when Barony Street is extended.

The Gain and the Loss

THE chapel of New College, Oxford, has just been enriched by a lovely work of art, a candelabra designed by Mr Benno Elkan.

Seven candles are supported by a metal scroll within which the sculptor has placed figures representing the Annunciation, a charming combination of dignity and grace.

And who is Mr Benno Elkan? He is a German Jew who left Germany because of the grievous persecution. In Germany his beautiful works have been destroyed, and England gains by Germany's folly and loss.

The Dog Said Nothing

BRET HARTE, who wrote many things grave and gay which won fame on both sides of the Atlantic, could hardly ever have thought he would be quoted in the House of Commons.

But so it has happened, and the allusion was coupled with the name of Mr Neville Chamberlain, who was born about the time when Bret Harte was making the Victorians laugh at the Heathen Chinee.

One of our M.P.s, speaking of the way in which Mr Chamberlain is heckled, opposed, and harried by the critics of his own country, gave the Prime Minister a little comfort by reminding him of Bret Harte's farmer, who remarked that a reasonable number of fleas was good for a dog; it prevented him from brooding too much on being a dog.

A Prize For the Poet Laureate

WE welcome every sign of German good feeling, and we note with particular pleasure that our Poet Laureate, Mr Masfield, is to receive the Shakespeare prize at Hamburg University. The prize was founded last year by a Hamburg merchant for presentation to Englishmen distinguished in literature, art, or music, and the first recipient was the composer Dr Vaughan Williams.

Under the Editor's Table

IN a safety first campaign Wembley has been breaking new ground. Making it more difficult for the motorist.

A BOY said when he fell off his cycle a crowd collected. Hope they gave him the money.

FARMERS walk many miles in a day. Want good calves.

JUMPERS with clocks on are being worn in Paris. A striking idea, surely.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If dairymaids cry over spilt milk

MANY people leave London's suburbs, it is said, because they are lonely. A moving story.

PUBLIC clocks are to be better illuminated. Is that what is meant by lighting up time?

HERO worship takes many forms. And fills them up?

THIS country has some knotty problems. And a great deal of its capital is tied up.

THE TALE OF THE ONE-LEGGED HERO

Who Will Buy a Christmas Box?

When Mr Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador, took Mrs Kennedy to the War-Disabled Men's Exhibition at the Imperial Institute they were so delighted with it that the Ambassador declared they must go round it again.

He added they would like to bring their family in a body, but *they found it impossible to get them together at one place at one time*. Failing that, the harmonious nine will go to the exhibition one at a time. We commend their intention to every friend of the C N and hope they will imitate it. There is still time, for the exhibition is open till November 23.

The Hayloft Workshop

While examining there the ingenious beautiful things made laboriously, painstakingly, sometimes painfully, by disabled men and women the visitor may pick up something better than a bargain. He may find another story, like that of the one-legged veteran who climbed into the hayloft, which so delighted Mr Kennedy.

Another Kennedy, Major-General John Kennedy, Chairman of the Exhibition, told that tale. In the early days of the war a newspaper advertisement, put in by the matron of a convalescent hospital, asked if anyone would spare a little time to encourage her wounded men to learn handicrafts, so as to amuse them and let them overcome their disabilities.

The advertisement was answered by a lady, Miss Smith, who promptly cycled through wind and rain, begged here and there a few pots of paint, old packing cases, and a fretsaw, and borrowed a hayloft. The hayloft became a workshop, started with two disabled men.

Still Carrying On

One day they were joined by a third. From the bottom of the ladder came a shout of Cheerio! and up the rungs hobbled valorously a man with one leg. He had come to do his bit—again. In a few months the hayloft workshop set out its own exhibition. The dauntless three (and Miss Smith) had made £25 worth of toys, and, what was better, sold them. Today that pioneer workshop employs 21 badly-disabled men, and last year drew £350 from the sale of its toys and other goods at the Imperial Institute's annual exhibition.

It is not only the Smith workshop that has grown: there are 24 different organisations which send the work of disabled men (and women) from all over the country. These goods are suitable for Christmas presents, and for many other occasions. But Christmas suits them best, for that is the season of the year when all hearts should be opened to the thought of the brave endeavour made by these men who, having given already their flesh and bone to their country, still carry on, choosing work sooner than charity. There are 4000 of them. Here is a thought for Christmas to cheer us all on our way.

News By Bee

Bees are being used by the Japanese instead of carrier pigeons to carry messages in Japan's war on China.

Modern photography is so marvellous that it can make messages small enough for a bee to carry. These insects have been found to fly about forty miles an hour, and are very reliable, finding their way home without fail from a distance of three or four miles. Their home can be moved as long as the queen remains.

Pigeons are not very practical for carrying messages in war-time, as they can be shot down, but it would take a brave man to interfere with a bee.

The Carpet-Man and His Tacks

A MAN with an inquiring mind has made the discovery that a boot-mender he was watching used 80 brass tacks to go round the sole of a boot. He carried these under his tongue, and, by constant practice, almost invariably picked up at a single grab the exact number needed for a shoe, taking them out, brad by brad, as required.

A C N reader watching a carpet-layer at work found that he followed a similar rule. Having spread the carpet, thrust it into place with his feet and with a many-toothed little fork, he knelt with a bag of tacks beside him, then scooped a handful of them into his mouth, withdrawing them one after another to nail down the carpet.

Asked why he risked this unhygienic custom when to take a tack at a time

from the bag was just as quick, the man replied that the practice was as old as carpet-laying, that it was not simply a question of quickness, but that the moisture from the mouth caused the surface of the tack to rust slightly and so to hold its place in the carpet and wood.

Were that not done, he said, the tacks would be dragged out of position every time the carpet was brushed. The slight coat of rust doubled the resistance of the tack to violence and spared the necessity of spoiling the carpet by the use of big, long nails every time the texture had to be removed for cleaning.

We do not know if there is anything in all this, but surely it is well that blacksmiths are spared such considerations when engaged in their work of nailing shoes on the hoofs of horses!

Television at Table

MORE than 500 guests of the Royal Photographic Society enjoyed with the Duke of Kent the novelty of having television served with their dinner.

At the Alexandra Palace Mr Beverley Nichols spoke and posed for the television cameras. At the Dorchester his words were recorded, his features and gestures reproduced on television screens, one screen for each ten guests. All could see. They were the first supporters of a television dinner. Some day, no doubt, a television screen will be as common an object on the dinner table as the menu.

The Duke of Kent improved the occasion by speaking of the marvels of

the camera which brought yesterday's happenings before everyone with the morning newspaper. The picture overcame all the problems of language. He hoped that its universal appeal might bring all peoples together.

It may do so; but has not done so yet, though there is no harm in hoping that the newspaper pictures of war's horrors in China and Spain may some day teach men to do better. The photograph has done its best. It may be that a better day will dawn with the coming of the television picture.

No one can then plead ignorance, when war is televised, of what an abyss lies before us all.

Dark-Skinned Footballers

A NEW era in the history of Rugby football in Fiji was opened this year, when a team of brown-skinned Maoris travelled to Fiji and played three test matches with teams of darker-skinned Fijians.

The Maoris are famous as footballers, for a Maori team toured Britain in 1926, and several Maoris have played alongside their white-skinned British compatriots in New Zealand's famous All Blacks; it is their jerseys (not their faces) that are black. Everyone will congratulate the native Fijians on emerging from the test matches "all square." The first was drawn 3—3; the

Maoris won the second 11—5; and the Fijians won the third 6—3.

In Suva, the chief seaport and town of Fiji, are four European and seven native teams, playing in separate Rugger competitions.

The Fijians excel at any form of team game because they enjoy such wonderful physical fitness and are speedy runners. The obvious tactics of the Fijian teams are to develop a fast and open style of Rugby.

Arrangements are in hand for a Fijian Rugby team to visit New Zealand in 1940, when the 100th anniversary of British rule in New Zealand will be kept.

A Little Paradise in a Troubled World

AT the entrance to the Iron Gates, as they call the rapids on the Danube in Rumania, lies an island round which the storms of politics by violence rage but pass it by.

The 650 inhabitants of Ada Kalé pay no taxes; they are allowed to import whatever they want free of customs. By royal decree they may have one whole wagon of Bulgarian tobacco, 46 wagons of Rumanian sugar, 750 gallons of Rumanian petrol, and two wagons of coffee from Brazil.

As all this is far more than they need they are free to sell it on the island, but

may not export it. This helps to make Ada Kalé a tourist resort, and visitors bring prosperity to this tiny paradise.

Fifteen per cent of the receipts of this community is devoted to the relief of the poor when they can find any, 55 per cent defrays the communal expenses, and the remainder is distributed among the inhabitants.

Hitherto the people have been exempted from military service, but now this privilege has been taken away from them under the stress in which Europe finds itself today.

Travelling Behind Bars

FOR the passenger who does not travel by good, recognised ships the sea trip from Singapore to Hong Kong is often a very exciting one, because of the elaborate precautions that must be taken against pirates.

European passengers on these coastal vessels are forbidden to leave their quarters amidships. They are completely isolated from the rest of the ship by heavy bars and bullet-proof shields, and are guarded by one European sergeant and eight Indian policemen always on duty. The portholes of the dining saloon are barricaded against attack with

steel shutters, and for the five days of the journey all meals have to be taken by electric light.

The ever-present danger is that pirates may have smuggled themselves on board disguised as coolies (there are usually about 2000 coolies carried), and to make sure that all is well the ship's position is wirelessed every two hours to naval authorities.

The captains of these ships have insurance policies which are quite unique, for their personal belongings, such as clothes, watches, binoculars, are insured against piracy at Lloyds.

A WEATHER-SHIP IN MID-ATLANTIC

Broadcasting to Airmen

Not so very long ago, as the C N noted at the time, one of the best-known Atlantic flyers commented on the prospects of a regular Atlantic air service.

His objections were based largely on the strength and irregularity of contrary winds. He had met them. These adverse winds have now been regularly surveyed, and Captain Entwistle of the Meteorological Office, in lately giving an account of them, was inclined to lessen the importance of them to the most powerful modern aircraft. East to west in winter the strongest adverse westerly winds are seldom of 60-mile strength; and though the length of the route affected by them might be as great as 900 miles it might be as little as 100, and the average was about 300 miles.

A Question of Routes

These calculations apply to the winter route most favoured, namely, between Ireland and Newfoundland. Other routes examined, the northerly and southerly Greenland routes, have their disadvantages, the northerly route cold and foggy, the southerly one haunted by cyclones. But the chosen route is no freer in winter than the others from the obstacles of fog, snow, or ice forming on the wings of the planes and from ice-bound harbours in Newfoundland.

There is a southern route by way of the Azores and Bermuda, which is longer, but has no handicap of snow and ice. It offers the most cheerful prospect of an all-the-year-round service, but it is not immune from tropical cyclones, as bad as, or worse than, any winter ones, between June and November.

An aerodrome at the Azores, which is still under discussion, might solve the problem; but what is wanted, and most urgently wanted, is still more knowledge of what the air will do to the machine. It is more important than what the machine can do in spite of the air; and Captain Entwistle is convinced that we must have not only a meteorological service to tell us what generally happens on the route, but one which will continuously forecast it.

Constant Information

On the American continent the machines of the overland flying services, which operate with a remarkable freedom from accidents, are warned by wireless, almost mile by mile of their journey, of approaching storms of snow or hail, and are directed so that they may fly at the best heights.

That cannot now be done for planes crossing the Atlantic Ocean, but a step towards it would be made by establishing a weather-ship halfway across, to send out never-ceasing information and warnings about the weather at every hour, perhaps every minute, of the day and night.

See World Map

Cornwall's Winter Flowers

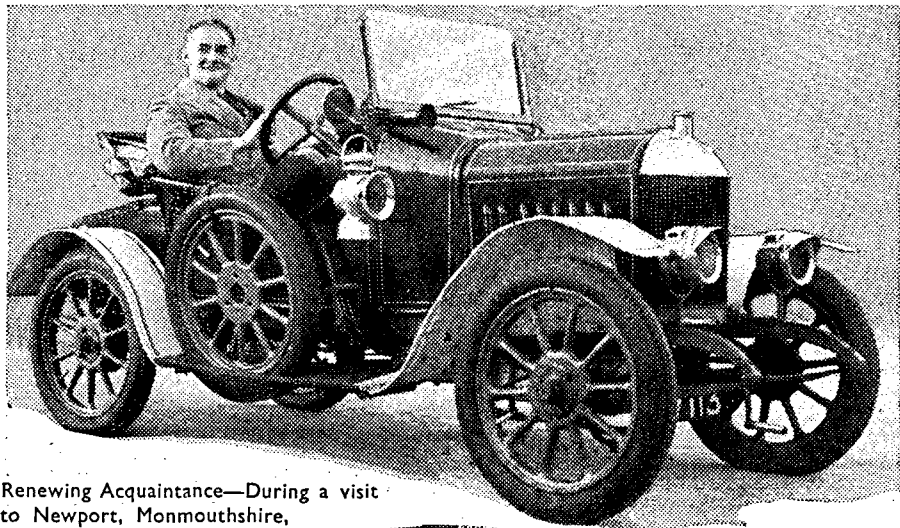
The flower markets of our big towns have been gay with anemones for the past few weeks.

Most of these came from Cornwall, where more than a thousand growers are now raising this delightful flower. Yet it was only a few years ago that the Cornish industry began.

Travelling in France in 1924 Canon Boscawen was so impressed with the beauty of the giant anemone which grew in abundance, even during winter, that he brought back some of the seed of the variety Du Caen and planted them in his garden in the West Country. They thrived, and growers noted the fact. Soon the flowers began to reach Covent Garden, and became popular.

Numerous farms in the Penzance area and along the Cornish and Devon coasts now send anemones to market.

Old Car • Young Pianist • New College



Renewing Acquaintance—During a visit to Newport, Monmouthshire, recently, Lord Nuffield had the opportunity of driving one of his earliest cars, made in 1911



Practice Time—A charming study of a little lady at a piano



Educational Centre—The imposing entrance to the new Technical College and School of Art for South-West Essex at Walthamstow

Why Do the Lemmings Rush to Their Doom?

THE MEMORY OF A LAND BENEATH THE SEA

THE arrival of six lemmings at the Zoo has raised the old question of the dramatic march to destruction made by these small creatures every few years.

They arrive in multitudes on the shores of the Baltic and the North Sea and go marching on till they drown.

One of the theories has been that this mass migration is mass suicide when food runs short, but a much more probable explanation is that which appears in an ancient book of natural history, and is supported by many modern naturalists, that the lemmings are following an inherited instinct, and that where there is now sea into which they swim and die was once land over which the lemmings passed to fresh fields and pastures new.

It is during our summer that the lemmings begin their march, but there is no regular time-table for them; they may march one year, and then again in three years time, or they may not march for twenty years.

A Neat Little Creature

The lemming is not unlike the rodents common to our own fields and woods and banks. It is about five inches long, with a very short tail, with fur of darkish brown above, light below, and marked by spots and streaks—altogether a neat little creature, timid and inoffensive.

Lemmings live in Norway and the adjoining lands, where the highlands run up to an altitude of 3000 feet, but are clothed with vegetation. The lemmings make shallow runs in the soil and warm burrows beneath the winter snows, line their nests with grass and hair, and there bring up their families.

Roots, grasses, buds, and shoots of low-growing shrubs, moss, and lichens form their food; and as long as seasons are not too kind the lemmings prosper rationally and their numbers are kept within bounds. So long as lemming numbers do not outrun the resources of lemming larders all is well: there is enough for all. But temptation comes with plenty. The signal for disaster is easily, naturally misread. It is a smiling will-of-the-wisp, arriving in the form of an early, genial spring, with a rush of vegetation before its time. The result is that the lemmings, having within them a reserve force enabling them rapidly and enormously to increase their numbers, multiply incredibly.

The Need of the Multitude

They have not the prudence of many of their kin; they do not hoard in time of plenty against the lean season to follow. They fatten and multiply. As the population reaches high tide and the need for food its greatest disaster comes. The need of the multitude is at its zenith when the early oncoming of summer begins to burn up the essential vegetation. As a tennis lawn wears under play and sunshine, so the tundra of the lemmings fails under the attack of myriads of teeth and a scorching sun overhead. To a season of plenty famine dire and widespread slowly succeeds and brings tragedy in its train.

Instinct prompts the little animals to save themselves while there is yet time by ordered flight. They grow uneasy as the vegetation about them vanishes. Either the fear comes to all their minds

at once, or they have some means of communicating alarm throughout their widespread colonies. For they all sally out of their parched freeholds and begin a march by paths, hidden, overgrown, obliterated, but which history shows to have been followed time after time by migrating lemmings throughout the ages. They seek food and home. Tribe joins tribe, colony attaches itself to colony; hundreds become thousands, thousands become millions, and millions of lemmings strike a road down from the mountains to a distant goal.

We must not accept the common belief that a lemming migration begins and ends in a single summer month: it lasts a year, two years, even three years; as long, in fact, as there are lemmings to go on. The great army moves ahead in as straight a line as the country crossed permits. There is little food by the way, but some must be sought and taken or all would forthwith perish. They eat as they go, the foremost files profiting most.

Nothing deters them. They stream through towns, they cross railways, they swim streams, plunge through torrents, and cross broad lakes; they eat their way through haystacks, they surge through the cultivated crops, they climb mountains, they descend giddy cliffs.

Food For Others

An army of preying beasts and birds gathers about them, and strikes them down as they go. Wolves, dogs, cats, eagles, owls, buzzards, ravens, gulls, and in the waters hungry fish—all these and more take toll of the moving millions. Even the vegetarian reindeer turn flesh-eaters and devour them during the press of winter.

But the tide swells forward, the numbers of travellers growing less and less, till finally the sea is reached, and in the remnants plunge, to end their miseries in swift death.

Not one of all the uncountable host that set out returns. A beaten track marks the way by which they have travelled, but vegetation covers it again when the migration is ended, and no little foot retracing its steps to the mountains ever depresses it again. How, then, do the old colonies regain their numbers? The same mysterious instinct which sends the army forth dictates the reservation of a nucleus for the home. Some are always left behind; a few linger to restock the old home, and in time give rise to swarms which send forth another cloud of migrants.

We cannot tell what is in the mind of a lemming, but the theory that possibly the direction of their march is toward a land that once existed but is now beneath the sea is not difficult to believe. It may be that the lemmings inherit a memory of a lost land, their lost Atlantis. Birds in migrating follow flight lines which are immensely ancient. They fly over sea where land once was. Perhaps there was a sanctuary, a Land of Promise green with food and watered with sweet springs, to which old-time lemmings travelled from their own denuded pastures; and when they now march forth to die in the sea it may be that that is the goal of their parched and hungry dreams.

THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTY THOUSAND

Not for the first time the courageous spirit of the Czechs has been the admiration of the world. This is a story of their valour which stirred millions of people in the last year of the Great War.

TWENTY years after it happened the march of the Czecho-Slovaks through Siberia is little remembered, but it can never be forgotten, for in a war that recorded innumerable deeds of daring and adventure it stands out as an episode so strange as to seem like a tale of legendary romance.

The Great War was ebbing to its close when the march took place, and the part the Czechs had taken in the struggle seemed to be ended. It was not. Having fought for Russia and the Tsar, the Czechs finished by fighting the Bolsheviks. The fight was forced on them.

Unwilling Recruits

When the war began the Czecho-Slovaks were enlisted by compulsion in the Austro-Hungarian armies. They were the most unwilling recruits, for the dislike of the Czech, who is a Slav, for the Austrians is perennial. Many Czechs went to join the Russian armies as volunteers; and when Russians and Austrians fought in Galicia and the Carpathians many more Czecho-Slovaks deserted to join their compatriots in General Brusilov's Russian armies as early as 1916. Many Czechs joined the Serbian detachment that fought so heroically and uselessly in the Dobrudja, and few came back from that expedition.

It came about, therefore, that towards the end of the Great War there were nearly 70,000 Czechs in Russia, soldiers who had won a name for themselves by their resolution and steadiness, even in defeat. Far from their homes and their own people, they formed a compact nationality in a foreign land, with it but not of it, and singularly immune from all the Russian influences surrounding them.

Faithful to Duty

The Tsar's Government had originally made the volunteer Czechs separate military units in the Russian forces. After the Russian revolution, which overthrew the Tsar and broke up the Russian armies by destroying their discipline, these units remained apart, among the faithless faithful to their duty. Masaryk, greatest and wisest statesman of the Czech people, was able to consolidate them while they remained loyal to their own officers under one command, with the old flag of Bohemia as their banner.

While the old Russian Empire crashed the Czech army remained aloof and apart, living a life by themselves, above the conflict of the warring factions of Mensheviks and Bolsheviks, and their various leaders, from Kerensky to Lenin and Trotsky.

After Lenin had made the Treaty of Brest Litovsk with the Germans they demanded to be sent out of Russia to return to the Allied forces of the Western Front. They had no mind to be handed back as prisoners to the Germans, and had no illusions as to being able to return to Bohemia as free men. The Bolsheviks were very willing to be rid of them, because this large, vigorous contingent of many thousands of alien fighting men was

entirely sundered from Bolshevik ideals, and wished to be, and was, regarded as an Allied army. Consequently Trotsky agreed to speed the unwelcome guests, and move them, as fast as the disjointed and congested Siberian railway would allow, to Vladivostok, where they could be shipped back to Western Europe.

They started, and became strung out in slowly moving and separated detachments at Kursk, Penza, Chelyabinsk, and Samara along the trans-Siberian railway. Their numbers had swollen from the original 40,000 in the Russian armies to close on 70,000.

Naturally the Germans when they heard of this movement did not like it. They put pressure on Lenin and Trotsky to stop this armed pilgrimage, and Trotsky, while still negotiating with Bruce Lockhart, the British representative in Russia at that time

Czech headquarters became at once awake to what had been prepared for them and took instant measures to see that they were not again surprised. Their march went on. The Bolshevik forces were a rabble, the Czechs were an army, and were all the stronger for being widely dispersed in resolute, well-disciplined units along the railway. Their dispersion helped them. By the beginning of June 11,000 had arrived at Vladivostok and another 50,000 were on the Siberian railway, holding all the stations in Siberia from Omsk to Krasnoyarsk.

By this time the march had become more than a march. We might call it a rearguard action against the Red Army if it were not that the offensive was continually taken by the Czechs. They were widely scattered, but each unit was self-

They captured Kazan, they drove the Red Guards from Chelyabinsk, the European terminus of the Siberian railway; and though news, travelling slowly, left the Vladivostok force wondering what had happened, the Czech push never stopped. By the third week in July an immense area of Asiatic Russia, 300 miles broad and 3000 miles long, the backbone of the connection between the Volga and Lake Baikal, was held firmly by these strangers in a strange land.

The Czechs in Vladivostok were now preparing to join hands with their fellows still plodding in central Siberia, and fighting as they went when fighting was necessary; but they need not at that time have been uneasy. By September the whole of Asiatic Russia from the Volga to the Pacific was controlled by the Czechs. Yet at that moment the great march was beginning to near its end.

A Lost Opportunity

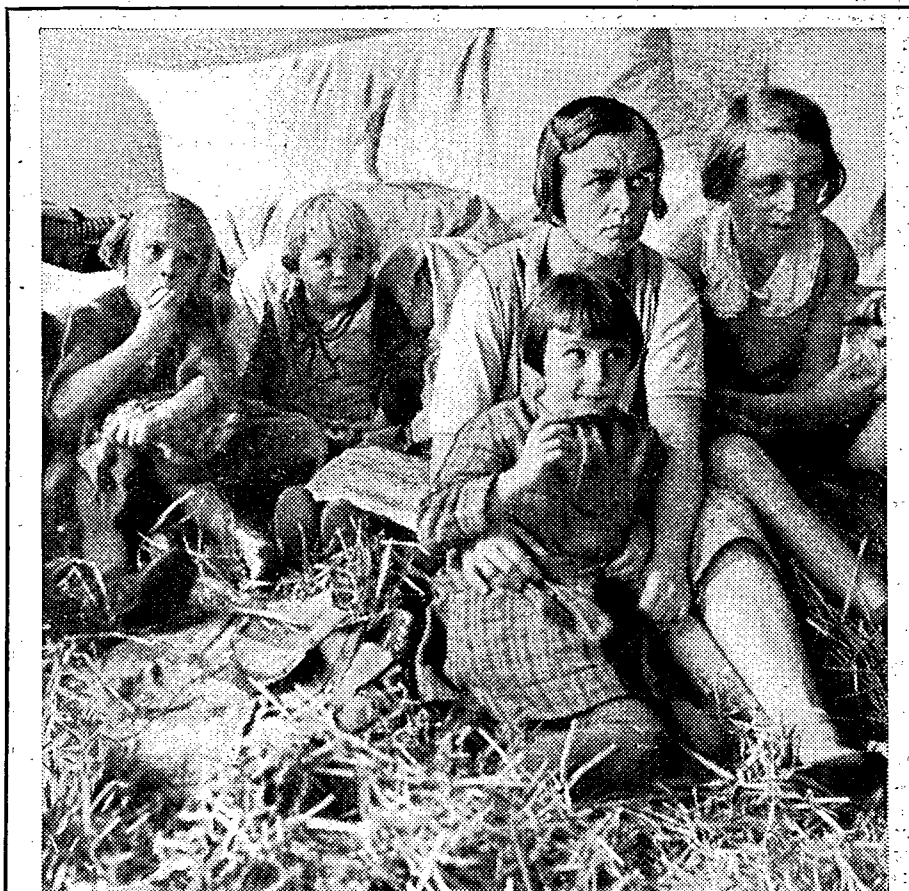
It had done more than mortal men could have been expected to do. But more was asked. At this time Masaryk appealed to the USA to seize this golden opportunity of a nucleus so favourably placed as the triumphant Czecho-Slovaks were to back them up in Siberia. Great Britain agreed, America consented reluctantly, and Japan less reluctantly if conditionally.

The story of this meditated intervention which might have changed the history of Soviet Russia has not much in common with the Czech's splendid adventure. The good moment fled; and though fine things were done in Siberia, the first fine glow of Czech valour had faded.

After the Armistice in November a depression fell like a fog on the anti-Bolshevik movement in the Czech Army, which now included Rumanians and Italians. They had become weary in well-doing. They wanted to get back home. From being admirers of the Tsarist Admiral Koltchak, who had thrown his sword into the sea when he faced the mutineers of the Russian fleet in the Baltic, and who had set up a provisional Government at Omsk, they became his critics.

The Last Episode

They were exasperated by the mismanagement and uncertainty of the White Russians under Koltchak, who never did anything or got anywhere; and the last episode of the Czech march and conquest was far from being the crown of that splendid feat of resolution. They were his guard; they would have died rather than yield him to his Soviet enemies when these gathered about him in Irkutsk. It was no fault of theirs that General Janin, the French officer in command of the Czechs in Irkutsk, haggled too long with the Soviet authorities about the Imperial Russian treasure which the Czechs had captured at Kazan, and of which Koltchak was the treasurer. The upshot was that Koltchak was in the end treacherously murdered by his Soviet enemies, as he knew he would be. It was not the fault of the Czechs, but it was the one dark stain on their shining scabbard.



It is sad to think that only 20 years after the valiant deeds described on this page, thousands of Czecho-Slovaks like these refugees from Sudetenland should be driven from their homes

in 1918, moved the Red Army Guard to intercept the departing Czechs.

The great trek started on March 26. Two months later, when a detachment of Czecho-Slovak artillery reached Irkutsk, they found a much larger force of the Red Army waiting for them. The Czech artillerymen had only 39 carbines among them; and were entirely taken by surprise at the order to surrender. They did not surrender.

The Red Army detachment then turned a machine gun on them; but at that date the Reds were not very proficient except in shooting prisoners, and the Czechs, undismayed, rushed the machine guns with hand grenades, disarmed the Red Guard, and took their weapons away from them. Thus, well supplied with warlike material, the Czech artillerymen waited for more Reds to come on, disarmed them as they came, and sent news to their headquarters of what had happened.

sufficing and could more than take care of itself. The 11,000 in Vladivostok were commanded by the Tsarist general Diterichs, and they and Diterichs were eager to go to help their friends farther back and still slowly coming to join them.

They need not have been anxious. Even in European Russia the Czechs were sturdily holding their own, and in June were strung like beads on a necklace from Penza in the west to Nijni Udinsk in the east.

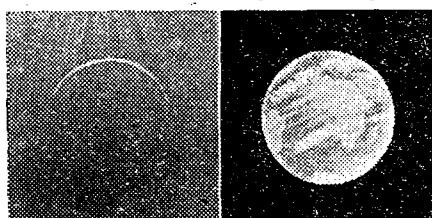
At Penza they had seized a huge depot of arms and ammunition. They surprised the Bolshevik guard at the great bridge over the Volga at Sysran and established themselves at Samara. Trotsky's orders that all Czechs who resisted disarmament should be shot on the spot were like a bad joke. Never has there been a more remarkable example of what boldness and resolution could do in a country torn with dissensions.

VENUS AT HER NEAREST TO US

Passing Between the Earth and the Sun

By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Venus will pass between the Earth and the Sun on Sunday, November 20, when she will be at her nearest to us. As this event will, of course, occur during the day with her dark, unlit hemisphere turned towards us Venus will be invisible to the naked eye. It is just possible, however, that very powerful telescopes might give a glimpse of a very thin crescent of light round the northern edge of her otherwise dark disc. For on the present occasion Venus passes below the Sun at an apparent distance of between five and six times the Sun's diameter away. The effect of this is shown in the picture, in which the thin strip of her illuminated surface, increased by the refraction of the sunlight as it passes



Venus (left) as she appears to the Earth at the present time; and (right) the Earth as she appears to Venus.

through the planet's dense atmosphere, occasionally permits Venus to be seen when at her nearest to us.

Venus will travel from left to right in her passage between the Earth and the Sun, this event being known as *inferior conjunction* with the Sun, to distinguish it from *superior conjunction*, when Venus passes far behind, and beyond, the Sun.

So rapidly does Venus travel that by the end of next week she will have got sufficiently far to the west of the Sun to be seen low in the south-east sky within about half-an-hour before sunrise. In the course of the next three weeks Venus will have become a magnificent object in the morning sky, rising high above the horizon, from which she emerges between two and three hours before the Sun.

At Christmas Venus will have reached her full glory and appear as a veritable Star of Bethlehem by attaining her greatest brilliancy. This will be exceptional this year and the greatest brilliancy possible for Venus, because it so happens that the Earth will then be at about the nearest part of her orbit to the Sun. This brings our world 3,000,000 miles nearer to Venus than would have been the case at midsummer, and so the distance between the two planets is reduced to a minimum, Venus appearing larger and brighter.

The Spectacle of Venus

When at her nearest to us on this occasion Venus will be little more than 25 million miles away, or about 10 million miles nearer than Mars ever comes. At this time the Earth appears a glorious object in the sky of Venus, between three and four times brighter than she ever appears to us. For any supposed inhabitants of Venus would have facing them the entire sunlit hemisphere of the Earth as shown in our picture; and, as its diameter is slightly larger than that of Venus by about 300 miles, the Earth would present through a telescope a grand and ever-varying spectacle, with the revolving Moon as an additional attraction.

The Moon will pass between the Sun and the Earth on Monday night, November 21, producing a partial eclipse of the Sun; the event will not be visible on this side of the Earth. The Sun will appear as a brilliant crescent to observers in eastern China, Japan, and north-west America.

G. F. M.

The Snowball & the Mountain

WE may find that during the coming winter there will be days of frost so keen that, on taking up a handful of snow, we shall be unable to make it knit into a ball.

Thus we shall be able to realise why failure attended the efforts of the latest attempt to reach the summit of Everest.

Home from their gallant exploit, Mr Tilman and his companions have been telling their story to members of the Royal Geographical Society. Men can get up to 27,000 feet, but unless the final 2000 feet of the mountain is clear of snow, the remainder is beyond human achievement.

It seems that up to 25,000 feet or so snow packs together to the consistency in which we commonly know it; above that range it seems impossible to make

it knit together. It lies as a fine powder which cannot be climbed, which slides down at a touch; no pressure can persuade it into a solid footing. The cold is so fierce that the snow is too dry to combine; it is like dry sand.

It is the sort of snow that, blown by the winds of the Rocky Mountains, saws the trunks and branches of trees so as to strip off the bark and penetrate the solid wood: and in the Polar regions, under the influence of blizzards there, scours the wood and metal of the explorer's equipment as if they had been submitted to a sand-blast.

Were such snow conditions continuous in the Arctic, the Eskimos would perish of cold, for they could not then build the snow huts in which they defy the winter chill and blasts.

The Palm That Would Grow Up

IN Kew Gardens is a palm tree which at the age of sixty years is one of the finest in the world.

It is the Chilean Wine Palm, which likes the Temperate House so well, and finds the lodging and the food so good, that it has grown out of its place. It threatened to burst through the roof when it reached 45 feet and was still growing.

Kew took it in hand. Such a tree, with a spread of 32 feet and a stem a yard across at the base, could not be treated lightly. Unlike the aspidistra, of which news was lately heard on the wireless, it was a delicate plant. Consequently before interfering with it the Kew gardeners approached it with all the care of furniture removers transporting household goods.

They first boxed it in. The task was as difficult and took as long as the road

workers do when they repair Piccadilly. All the hot-water pipes near the roots had to be removed, and a cavity like a section of those which lately have appeared in the public parks and spaces was dug out. It was highly necessary that the earth about the palm's roots should not be disturbed; so first a floor was built underneath them by tunnelling. This formed the bottom of the heavy box, 12 feet by 15, in which the palm was to be enclosed.

These preparations took nearly a month, but when completed all was ready. On long iron rollers box and palm were moved to a new place where the roof was higher, and now the tree can stretch itself as high as such trees usually go.

It shows no sign of wear or tear. The Temperate House has regained its wonted calm.

The Old Vicar Goes On

BRIDEKIRK, near Cockermouth in Cumberland, has lost its old vicar, Canon Alfred Sutton, who had been preaching for 57 years.

He was 88 when his end came, and in his later years he loved to recall the days when he had known General Gordon, and at his request had made his way to Lake Tana to report on the volume of water entering the Blue Nile. That was before he had entered the Church, for as a young man Alfred Sutton was something of an explorer.

Out of the 19th into the 20th century Canon Sutton ministered in this village, about which Arthur Mee writes in his book of the Lake Counties. Again and again the old vicar saw life beginning anew as he stood by the font and baptised babies. He was justly proud of

the font, one of the most interesting in the country. We read in Arthur Mee's book that it is finely carved on four sides with strange animals and little scenes. One side shows the baptism of Jesus, and another the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden. On a third side we see the sculptor with his chisel and mallet, an artist's portrait of himself we do not remember on any other font, and a band of queer old writing which has been deciphered in these words:

*Richard he me wrought,
And to this beauty eagerly me brought.*

It is generally believed the carving was done about 800 years ago by a famous architect and sculptor, Richard of Durham, but the inscription has puzzled many experts.

The Madrigal Man

It was William Byrd who said as far back as Elizabeth's day:

*Since singing is so good a thing,
I wish all men would learn to sing.*

This week we may well remember a man who did learn to sing, and went on to teach thousands of others this good thing. He was John Wilbye, generally regarded as the greatest of our madrigal composers. He died in 1638, and in his will is described as a gentleman of Colchester in Essex. He bequeathed his best viol to the Prince of Wales, and in 1609 published a set of madrigals with a dedication to Lady Arabella Stuart.

His manuscripts have vanished with the exception of one or two fragments, but he is remembered for the wealth of song he left behind. No one has ever written more beautiful part songs, and Flora Gave Me Fairest Flowers, Stay Corydon, and Adieu, Sweet Amaryllis, are among the most famous of all our madrigals, and all are his. It is wonderful that after 300 years John Wilbye's madrigals should charm millions on the wireless.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 65 the two best paintings were sent in by A. Sedgwick, 87 Huntley Mount Road, Bury; and Derek Whitehead, 17 Senlac Road, Lee, S.E. 12. A prize of ten shillings has been awarded to these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown have been awarded to the following:

Mavis Ashley, Chesterfield; Irene Beaumont, Huddersfield; Colin Bigwood, Bristol; Eric Brown, Peterborough; Gwendolyn Cole, Grays; Patricia Daves, Manchester; Bridget Dingley, Robertsbridge; Roger Eastwood, Salford; Dorothy Futter, Wokingham; Brian Hunt, Stroud; Edward Jervis, Bury; Sydney S. S. Keys, Edinburgh; Gillian Foster King, Sherborne; E. Lacey, Quorn; Jean Marriage, Wood Green, N. 22; Mary Myall, North Harrow; Muriel North, Claville, near Andover; Alan Puxty, Sheerness; Margaret Rimmer, Southampton; Sibyl G. Thomas, Sheffield; Joyce Tofts, Sutton; John Turner, Stafford; Daphne de Whalley, Farnborough; Rosemary Wilson, Southampton; Albert Yorke, Hull.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded an extra 2s 6d.

Every month eighty broadcasts are given in Esperanto in various countries of Europe; and also in South America, Australia, and South Africa.

LONDON'S WATER

Millions of Gallons More

Every Londoner wants 52 gallons of water a day.

The Metropolitan Water Board's response is, "You want the best gallons: we have them"; and in order to keep its word is now digging out a new reservoir at Staines, where most of the gallons come from, one which will hold 4400 million gallons more.

That would supply London with all the water for its tea and coffee, its washing-up, its baths and gardens, for less than a month, at the rate of 280 million gallons a day. So that the new reservoir's contribution would be only a drop in the ocean, except that already the Water Board has many more million gallons in reserve; in fact, rather more than 102,000 million gallons. Some of that comes from the New River.

But the Thames is still our faithful servant-in-chief, and only a very severe drought makes it necessary for the Water Board to cut down the Londoner's daily draught. It gives its waters freely in season and out of season to the Staines reservoirs, one of which, the Queen Mary reservoir, is nearly half as big again as the newcomer and has a capacity of 6750 million gallons.

London, spreading wider and wider, may want still more water by 1941, when the new reservoir places its water at the service of all comers; but anyone looking at the acreage of guarded water at Staines might see in it a reflection of London's tremendous growth. The new reservoir will have a surface of 350 acres and a depth of 50 feet. All the reservoirs together would more than cover Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, the Green Park, and St James's Park.

Night and day 1000 men are digging in the London clay to make the vast puddle. Day and night the pumps are going to fill the mains that supply the water for London's thirsty throat.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the broadcasts to schools for next week.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Pruning Bush Fruits: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Early Stages in Music—Skipping Tunes: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in Halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in Classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—Grandma West does her Shopping. 2.30 Great Writers of English—John Bunyan: by Catherine Carswell. 3.0 Orchestral Concert—Bach and the Concerto.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Story of Hannibal: by E. A. Craddock. 2.30 Diet: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography—The North-American Indian: by Jean Duffield. 2.5 A Country Walk: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—The Soldier King: by Hugh Chesterman.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—Frontier Tribesmen: by L. E. Denny. 2.45 Play—The Story of Roast Pig. 3.10 A Feature Programme. 3.35 Foreign Affairs: by Sir Frederick Whyte.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Grouse-Shooter: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Skipping and Dancing: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Our Daily Bread: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Junior Music—Home notes and scales: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Acrobats of the Tree Tops: by James Ritchie. 3.5 Scottish History—William Wallace: by J. Smith.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—Cod and Salmon (Newfoundland and British Columbia): by C. H. O'Donoghue. 2.45 Junior English (The Jackdaw of Rheims): by Mrs. A. M. Henderson.

PINCH AND HIS MASTER

The Dog That Came Home to Die

One of the most wonderful dog stories of recent years is being told in North America, the story of a mongrel named Pinch.

He would never have won a prize at a dog show, but we should like to print his name in letters of gold.

He belonged to William Cawkin, a prospector who lives in a log-cabin in British Columbia. Last August William Cawkin went to Fox Creek in the Alberta Peek River country, 1000 miles from his own home, and there fell in with a trapper who took a liking to Pinch. Mr Cawkin did not wish to part with his dog, but in the end decided to do so, and one morning he set off to his work with a heavy heart, for he was going back alone.

If William Cawkin felt the parting so did Pinch. He had worshipped his master, and as soon as he got an opportunity to slip off he took it. How he lived in the days which followed no one will ever know; he must have hunted his food; he must have been starved half the time; he must have been footsore and weary; but he kept on. He kept on with his nose towards Williams Lake. On and on he went, growing weaker every day but never resting till at last the log-cabin he loved was in sight. Pinch, the little mongrel, limped up to it, smelt the old familiar smell, curled up on the doorstep (he was too ill and faint to bark) and lay down, and when William Cawkin opened his door in the morning there was the faithful Pinch, dead.

Now there is a little grave near the log-cabin, and over it a cross with the words, Greater love hath no man.

Wireless From Leviathan

NEW WONDERS OF THE DEEP

OUR whaling fleet is now steaming steadily south to begin the season's hunting in Antarctic waters, to which summer comes while winter comes to the northern hemisphere.

This year a new device, exceeding in scientific wonder all the imaginary marvels recorded in our literature of whaling, is to be added to the normal outfit of the industry. When a whale has been killed, in order that the body may not sink a pipe is inserted and air forced into it, so causing the huge mass to float. The carcass is then either attached by a hawser and towed after the parent ship or marked by a flag, so that the vessel can return and take it in tow when other whales in the vicinity have been hunted and taken.

In this case there may be difficulty in rediscovering the abandoned whale, for Antarctic seas are visited by dense and frequent fogs and the catch may be lost. So this year our whalers are to kill and inflate the body in the ordinary way, and then fit the body with a portable wireless beacon which will periodically emit signals. Returning from hunting elsewhere, the men will pick up these signals with their own wireless direction finders, and so, even in the densest fog, recover their booty.

This promises to add a new chapter of true marvel to a history that excited our ancestors to the height of imagination. For centuries whale-oil lighted the lamps of our churches and palaces, and the whale-men, coming home from far seas charged with fancies and superstitions common to our ancient seamen, had incredible stories to tell that were nevertheless accepted without question, such as that whales swallowed their young in time of danger and returned them to the water when the peril was gone; that they threw water to refloat them if they became stranded, and that

they spouted water over ships that approached them and so sank them.

Milton's Paradise Lost enshrines one of the most astounding of these old beliefs—the belief that soil collected on the back of the whale to such an extent that herbs and trees grew on it, so that sailors, mistaking the whale for an island, cast anchor in it, only to be drawn down to death with their ship when the monster descended into the depths.

Milton never doubted it, and so we have his picture of Leviathan slumbering on the Norway foam:

*The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind,
Moors by his side.*

If the poet could have foreseen the wireless experiments at making the whale, though dead, announce its whereabouts in the shrouded icy sea what a majestic poem on the wonders wrought by men he would have left us!

See World Map

The Wild Baboon

A wild baboon played havoc at a garden party recently given by the wife of the provincial commissioner of Ndola, Northern Rhodesia.

The guests were on the lawn enjoying tea in the sunshine when the baboon arrived and scattered them all, compelling them to take refuge in the house. The animal finished the pastries they had left, picked some flowers, and, having tried without success to enter the house, disappeared.

In the evening the hostess heard the door-bell ring, and opened the door, but hastily closed it again, for the baboon was there, furiously ringing the bell, and would not leave off. It became so dangerous that it had to be shot.

RIP VAN WINKLE OF THE CRISIS

The MP in the Backwoods

One member of Parliament missed the Crisis; he must surely be the only one.

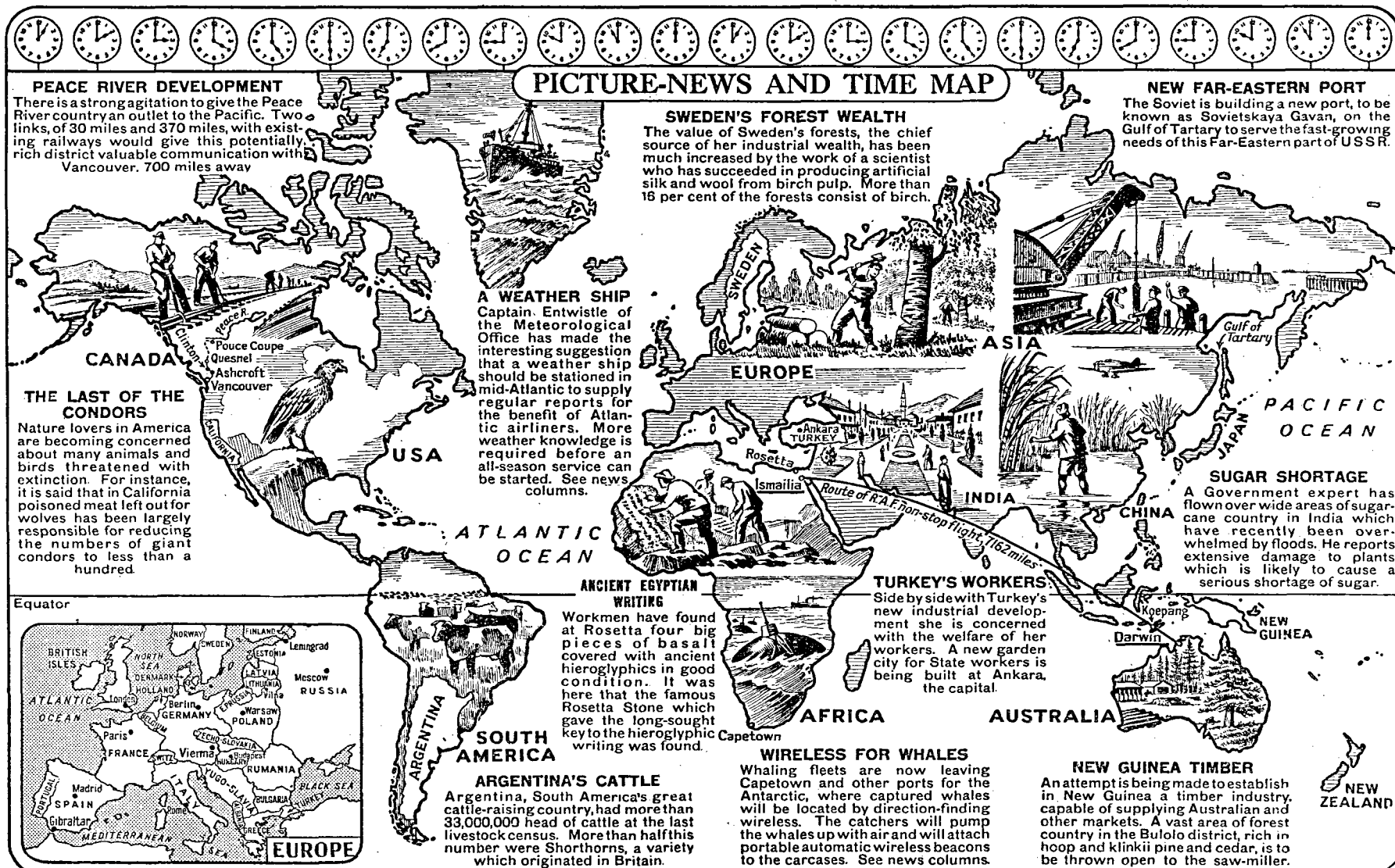
Colonel Leonard Ropner of the Yorkshire West Riding and a Forestry Commissioner spent his parliamentary vacation in riding on horseback through the remote forests of British Columbia. For nearly a month he was cut off in North British Columbia from all communication by telegraph or telephone from civilisation, including its most communicative invention the wireless.

In the dark forest the murmurs of the world were unheard. But one day at the end of October's first week, he came on the log cabin of a Red Indian widow. She had a wireless.

So in that remote spot, by the world forgot, the tidings had come to the widow's ears of the wild rumours spread from 6000 miles away. They meant nothing much to her; in fact, she had so little understood their meaning that all she could tell the wandering Yorkshire horseman was that there either had been a war, or there was a war on, or else there was going to be a war in Europe.

That was on October 6; and by that date there was no war, and there was not to be a war. The crisis was past. It had passed over the colonel's head like the wind in the tree-tops beneath which he was riding.

But we can well imagine that the member of Parliament, a soldier who had done very well in the war that was to end war, was troubled. Twenty-four hours later he reached Telegraph Creek, and there heard authentic news. Like Rip Van Winkle, he had awakened, as we hope, to another world, where the rumblings of war were for a time stilled.



BAD FOR THE MOTH To Paradise With the Asses

NEW FOOTBALL Six-a-Side

Now is the time to take measures against the wingless moth who climbs up apple trees and deposits her eggs on the twigs so that the grubs, when they hatch out, are able to attack the buds.

A common plan is to put sticky bands round the trunks so that the moths can get no farther, but this is a disagreeable business for amateurs, and in any case moths manage to overcome this. A correspondent describes another sort of band. It is made of corrugated paper about a foot wide, and it is placed around the trunk of the tree so that the corrugations are vertical and against the bark. The band is held in place by two pieces of string, one about an inch from the top and the other an inch from the bottom of the paper. The top string must be tied tightly so that no light can get into the corrugations; the lower string must be tied fairly firmly but not so tightly as to damage the corrugations. The insects climb up the trunk and enter the corrugations, where they can be destroyed by removing and burning the paper.

The Little Church

A C N reader in New Zealand sends us a word about the smallest church in the Dominion, and perhaps in the world, for only 20 people can worship in it.

It is in the little village of Wai-iti, which lies about a hundred miles from Auckland, and sturdy pioneers built it of kauri.

Men and women have been gathering under its octagonal-shaped roof for about 80 years, and today the same instrument is used to lead the singing as was used at the first service, a fiddle.

A POET of France, Francis Jammes, who lived remote from cities at the foot of the Pyrenees, has left the rustic home where he chose trees and flowers, birds and beasts for his companions.

He has passed along the great highway that all some day must tread, and we like to think of him going along the dusty road, stick in hand, with a following of his faithful friends the asses.

That is how he hoped he might go, and one of his poems is a prayer to God that when the call to Paradise comes for him his dear friends the asses may come too. *Let me appear before You with these beasts Whom I so love because they bow their head Sweetly, and, halting, join their little feet So gently that it makes you pity them.*

He begs the mercy and compassion of the Heavenly Father for them:

Let me come followed by their million ears, By those that carried panniers on their flanks

And those that dragged the car of acrobats, Those that had battered cans upon their backs.

The picture that Francis Jammes drew with such love and sympathy of all the asses of the world limping under their burdens, tormented by flies, as they tread the dusty road, is one that cannot be forgotten. As we read it the dusty road vanishes, the burdens fall away, and we see the fulfilment of his prayer, the poor, gentle beasts bending at last before the cool and lovely waters of Paradise.

So Francis Jammes will live on, even as another Francis, the St Francis who charmed the birds, lives on, because in such thoughts and deeds we touch the divinity that dwells in man.

Poor Waterfall

It is humiliating for a waterfall not to have a drop of water, and the new waterfall built in Forest Park at St Louis must feel very sorry for itself. It is six months since it was finished and it is still as dry as a bone, and will be for another six months, when the city hopes to install the necessary water mains which will bring the Fall to life.

Self-Help Plus Lord Nuffield

THE closing of an important Welsh Colliery undertaking has been averted by the self-help of the miners and the generous assistance of our national benefactor Lord Nuffield.

It was necessary to find a big sum to enable deeper veins of coal to be attacked.

Over 700 men are employed at the collieries which are the livelihood of Abercrave. £50,000 was needed to keep them going. More than 200 of the men put their savings into a fund, and they raised £2000, and Messrs T. P. Rose Richards, of Swansea, offered £10,000 to save the pits. Other contributors

swelled the total to £17,000, and the controllers of the colliery kept it open in the hope that sufficient would be raised to work it permanently.

The miners obtained an expert's report which showed that there were 17,000,000 tons of saleable coal available, enough to keep them working for about thirty years. Then came Lord Nuffield, who furnished the £30,000 needed to restore the living of Abercrave.

The Nuffield Trust never did better work, and the thought arises: Why should some National Department not have power to save old industries and establish new ones?

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of November 1913

Do the Stars Twinkle? We have all seen the stars twinkling like so many moving points of light. But do the stars really twinkle?

The explanation that has always been given by men of science is that the beam of light in passing through the various layers of our atmosphere is constantly being deflected, and that this causes the apparent twinkle. But now a scientist, Professor Eldridge-Green, says that the seeming movement of light is all a trick of our eyes. He placed a small light in a perfectly dark room, and when this was looked at steadily for a time it appeared to twinkle like the stars.

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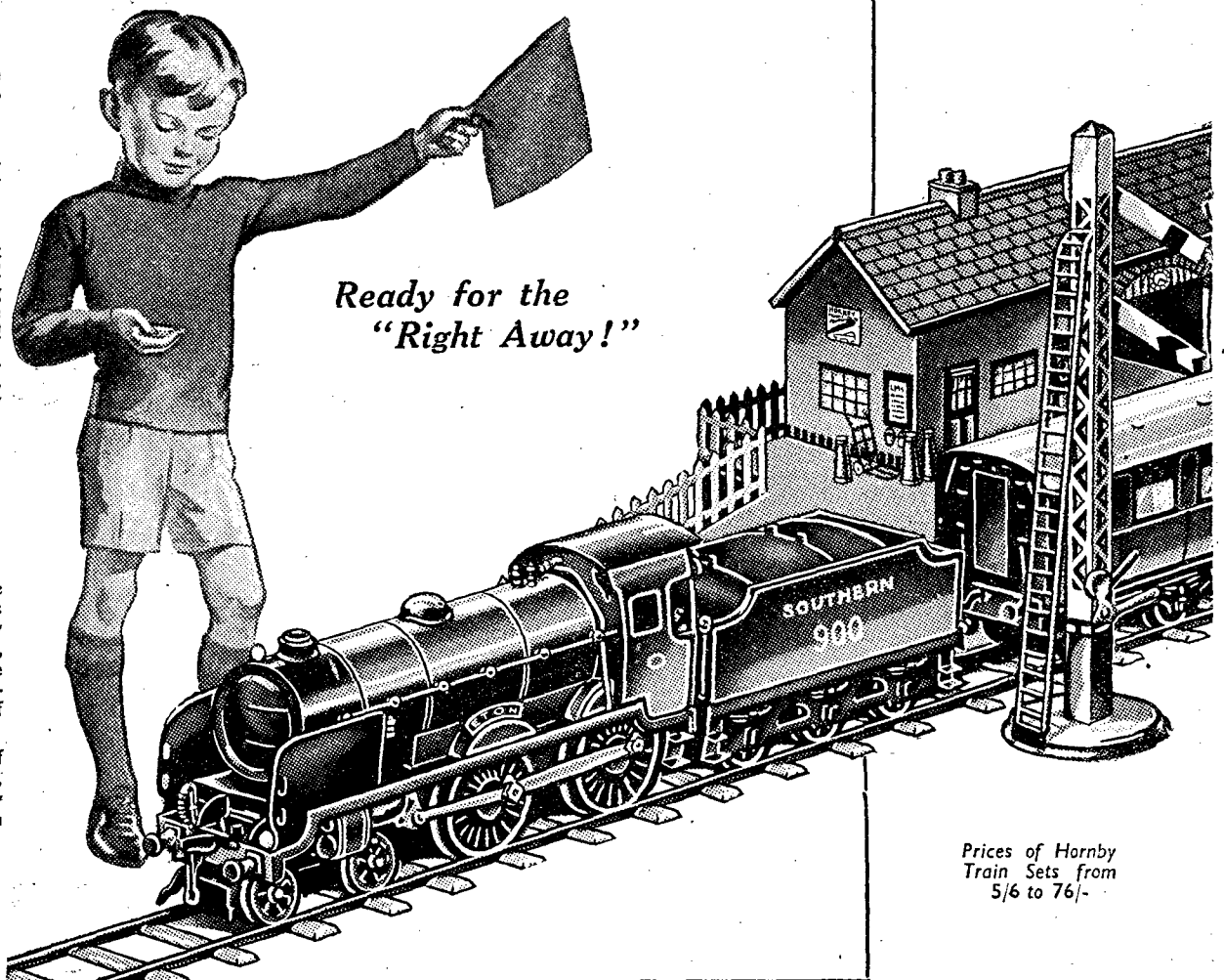
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MISS TUCKETT'S NEPHEW

By
T. C. Bridges

The Husky Dog

CHAPTER 1

Sam's Pet Aversion

SAM TUCKETT had gone to the village to do some shopping for his aunt, and as he came out of Stubbs's store his sharp eyes noticed two things. One was Albert Edward Lavers standing on the pavement opposite, the other a skinny, rough-coated puppy sitting in the middle of the street.

Albert Edward was Sam's pet aversion. He was a large youth, good-looking in a coarse way. He was son of the village innkeeper; he never did any work if he could help it, and spent his father's money on smart clothes. At present he wore a brand-new suit of black and white stripes, bright yellow shoes, and a round grey hat with a feather in the band. He had a silver-headed cane in his hand and was looking very pleased with himself.

The scene changed suddenly. Round the corner came a motor cyclist riding at well over the legal limit.

"Look out for the dog!" yelled Sam, but his warning seemed to be too late, for the unfortunate puppy was rolled sideways. Yet it was not badly hurt, for with a shriek of terror it struggled up, dashed for the pavement, and collided blindly with Albert Edward's shins. Albert Edward staggered and nearly fell. His shining shoes were blotched with mud, and there was a long smear on the left leg of his brand-new trousers.

Fury convulsed his face and, raising his stick, he struck at the dog.

If he had hit it he would probably have killed or at least maimed it, but the puppy, which seemed to realise the crime it had committed, was already bolting down the side street. Livid with rage, Albert Edward raced after it.

So too did Sam. Stockily built as he was, Sam had a surprising turn of speed.

Albert Edward gained on the half-starved puppy, and was almost level with it in a few strides. Up went his stick again, and this time the little mongrel's fate was sealed but for Sam. Just as Albert Edward was in the act of striking Sam reached him, and all his eight stone of hard muscle struck the larger fellow from behind like a battering-ram.

Albert Edward pitched right over the puppy and skidded along the greasy pavement on hands and knees for a couple of yards. When he arose no skill of the tailor could ever restore those striped trousers to their former condition, for both knees were split and the flesh beneath them was sorely bruised. It took Albert Edward several seconds to recover his breath, and several more to realise what had happened. Long before he got into his stride Sam had scooped up the puppy and disappeared.

Some twenty minutes later Miss Selina Tuckett, entering the back kitchen, found her elder nephew feeding a disreputable-looking animal with bread-and-milk.

"Good gracious, Sam, what have you got there?"

"I don't rightly know, Aunt, and I don't reckon it knows itself." In a few words he told her of his encounter with Albert Edward Lavers.

"That nasty boy!" exclaimed Miss Tuckett. "I'm just glad you pushed him down. I—I almost hope you hurt him."

"I hurt his trousers more than I hurt him," returned Sam with a brief grin. "Anyway, I got the dog. Wonder who owns him."

"He is a curious-looking creature. Do you know what breed he is?"

"If we were up North I'd say he was half husky, but there aren't any husky dogs in England."

"Sledge dogs, you mean, Sam? If I were you I'd ask Colston. He may know the owner."

"I'll do that," said Sam; "but first I'll give the critter a wash. Its coat's plumb solid with mud."

Sam's hands were gentle and the puppy made no objection to the tub of warm water or the kitchen soap. Sam left it to dry on a cushion before the kitchen fire, and when, an hour later, he came in from the garden he could hardly believe his eyes. The puppy's coat had dried and turned to a rich cream colour, and Sam noticed that its eyes were yellow. His brother Dan came in.

"Where did ye get that husky pup?" he asked in surprise.

"So you reckon he's husky?" said Sam, and told him about its rescue. After tea that evening they took the puppy with them and went to see their old friend Colston at the quarry. He inspected the dog with interest.

"I don't know what sort her be," he told them, "but Mr Valentine up to Keir House Kennels, he got a dog looks like this one."

"Reckon we'll go along," said Sam. Mr Philip Valentine was a big man with a long, hard face. He glanced scornfully at the yellow-eyed puppy.

"My dog!" he snapped. "Yes, one of my Samoyedes was the mother, but what the father was no one knows. The best thing you can do is to tie a large brick round its neck and sink it in the deepest pond you can find."

A small white spot showed in each of Sam's saddle-brown cheeks. By that Dan knew that he was very angry. But Sam held on to his temper.

"Then you aren't wanting it, mister?"

"Want it!"

"Then I may keep him?" said Sam.

"Do anything with the miserable beast so long as you take him away from here," retorted Valentine.

Sam turned to his brother. "You're witness to what the owner says, Dan?"

"Sure," said Dan.

"Take the useless brute away, and yourselves too!" roared Valentine.

Sam faced him coolly.

"I'll take him along, mister, and I reckon he'll get better treatment than he ever got here."

CHAPTER 2

Mutt Grows Up

SAM knew dogs, and under his care Mutt grew and filled out at a pace which delighted Sam and almost frightened his aunt. Within six months Mutt weighed 60 pounds and was the most strikingly handsome dog Sam or Dan had ever seen. His coat was a rich creamy yellow, very thick but rather short, he had pricked ears, a bushy tail, and eyes that were almost golden. He adored Sam, and Sam thought the world of him.

Mutt had beautiful looks and beautiful manners, but he was no use on the farm. Sam tried to teach him to bring in the sheep, but Mutt would have nothing to do with such animals. He had an equal dislike for cattle. For sport he cared nothing at all. He would not even chase out of the garden a rabbit that was devouring Sam's carefully-grown lettuce. Marshall, the farm man, called him useless, and this annoyed Sam.

"Husky dogs never see sheep and cattle. You wait till winter, then you'll see what Mutt can do," he retorted.

Mr Collard, the father of their friend Boyd, was now living at Brake o' Firs Farm, and a letter came from him to Miss Tuckett asking them all to spend Christmas with him.

"You'll find it cold up here," he wrote, "but the house is warm and dry. There are ponies for Sam and Dan, and tell them to bring their snow-shoes. This is one place where we are likely to get snow in December. Bring Mutt too. He will love the moor. Boyd is fit as possible. You would not know he had ever been lame. I can never be grateful enough to your nephews for making me buy this place."

"You reckon we can go, Aunt?" Sam asked.

"There is no reason why we should not," Miss Tuckett answered. "Marshall can look after things for a week or so."

"Fine!" said Sam. "I surely like that moor."

Two days before Christmas they arrived at Moreton, and were met by Mr Collard himself and Boyd.

"Say, kid, you ain't the chap that was lame?" chaffed Sam.

"I can run a mile," Boyd declared. "And, Sam, is this Mutt?" Without waiting for a reply he flung his arms round Mutt's neck, and, to his intense delight, Mutt replied by licking his face.

"He's a handsome creature," said Mr Collard; "but come on, people. It's going to snow."

A big car was waiting outside and, though the sky was black and it was freezing hard, they drove out to Brake o' Firs in great comfort. The old house had been beautifully done up, and Mrs Collard greeted them warmly. An hour later the first flakes of snow fell and by morning the great moor was sheeted in white.

"Don't look like riding today," said Sam when they came down to breakfast.

"But we can toboggan," cried Boyd.

"We've got a beauty, Sam, and there's a splendid run down Strane Tor."

"You go along with Boyd, Sam," Dan said. "I'm helping Mr Collard to grease the car."

"We'll go," said Sam, and he and Boyd set off.

Continued on page 14



Children demand OXO! They thrive on it. OXO with milk is especially good. It promotes sound constitutions and contented smiles!

OXO

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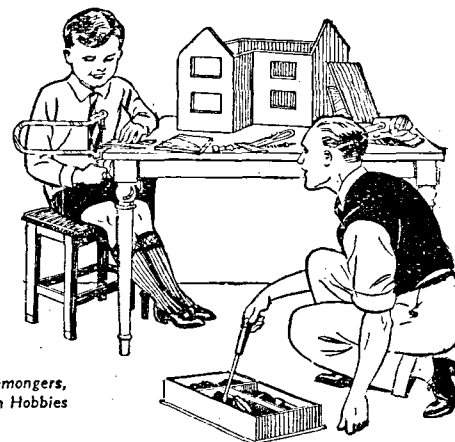
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Continued from page 13

"Look at Mutt!" Boyd cried. "He's gone crazy."
Mutt, after taking one look at the snow, had plunged into a drift and was rolling and wallowing like a mad thing. Sam took it calmly. "He's a husky dog," he explained. "His folk came from snow country. That's why he likes it."

It was some way to Strane Tor, but there was no doubt about its being a fine slope. The toboggan was a Swiss luge with steel runners, and travelled so fast that Sam wouldn't let Boyd start from the top but made him try it from half way. Boyd had a couple of runs, then Sam and he went to the top. It was beginning to snow again and the sky was full of it.

"I'll take you down, kid, and after that I reckon we'll go home. If this was Canada I'd say there was a blizzard brewing."

"A blizzard! What fun!" cried Boyd. "You wouldn't think it was fun if you were in one," Sam said dryly as he stretched himself on the toboggan. Boyd was in front, Sam doing the steering. Sam gave a shove and they were off.

The toboggan was near the bottom and moving almost a mile a minute when the smash came. One runner hit a rock hidden under the snow. The toboggan shot into the air and turned over sideways, flinging the two boys in opposite directions. Boyd rolled over and over and picked himself up, laughing.

"Some smash, as you'd say, Sam!" he exclaimed; then, as he saw Sam's face. "Oh, Sam, are you hurt?"

"Busted my leg," said Sam quietly. "Sit tight, Boyd," he ordered. "You've got to get me out of this for I can't walk."

Boyd stiffened. He knew what pain was. "If you got on the toboggan I could pull you," he said.

"Not a hope, kid. It's two miles, and stony. But you can pull me as far as those big rocks. I'll get shelter there. Then you get along home and fetch Dan and your Dad."

"But you'll freeze, Sam."

"Not if you're spry, Boyd. And take Mutt along. He'll be useful if it gets thick."

Boyd obeyed orders, and presently Sam was seated on the toboggan in an angle between two big boulders. Mutt did not want to leave his master, but one sharp order from Sam was enough. A minute

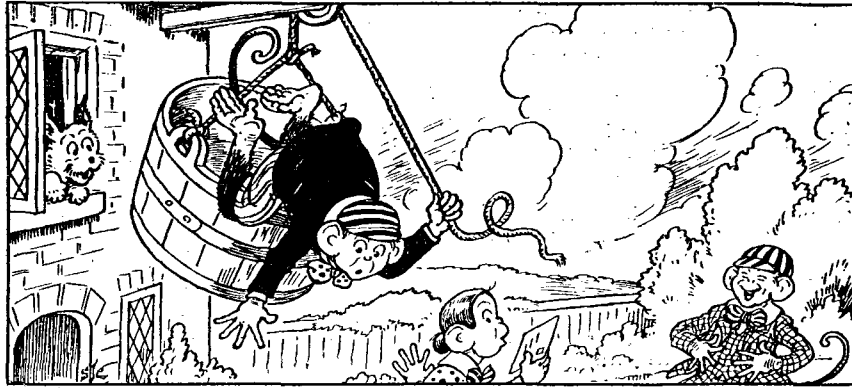
Continued in the last column

JACKO FIXES THINGS UP

FATHER JACKO was frowning over the builder's estimate for the new kitchen stove.

"Monstrous!" he declared. "They're nothing but robbers."

Mother Jacko wasn't too pleased either. The idea of being turned out of her kitchen filled her with dismay. "We shall have to live in the spare bedroom," she said. "But, oh, dear! it will mean a lot of carrying up and down."



The silly lad leaned over too far.

"I'll help, Mater," said Jacko. "When you're ready say the word."

During the morning a brilliant idea came to him. "What the Mater wants," he thought, "is a lift." He'd have to fix one. Yes, but how?

While he was deliberating his eye fell on the washtub, which was standing in the sun to dry.

Jacko's face brightened. He rushed round to his friend Chimp, and for the rest of the day they were busy as bees in the toolshed.

The next morning Mother Jacko came out in the garden.

"Jacko! Where are you?" she called.

"Here!" squeaked Jacko's voice.

"Where?" asked his mother, looking round.

"Here!" squeaked Jacko again.

Mother Jacko looked round again.

There was no sign of him. Then she caught sight of Chimp laughing like mad. He was staring up over her head. She looked up too, and could hardly believe her eyes.

There was Jacko suspended in mid-air in the washtub. He had made it into a lift with a rope and pulley, and fixed it up over the kitchen door.

"Why, whatever...?" she began.

"Look, Mater!" he cried, leaning over and waving.

But the silly lad leaned over too far, lost his balance, and down he came with a crash!

He wasn't hurt, but the tub was—split from top to bottom.

"Oh, Jacko! What shall I do with you!" exclaimed his mother.

But the young rascal had disappeared.

later Sam saw Boyd and the dog disappear in the swirling snow.

Sam had been out in much greater cold, but then he had been dressed for it. Now he had ordinary English winter clothes on and not even an overcoat. And, though the boulders were some protection, the cold soon began to bite. To make matters worse, his leg hurt abominably. The small bone was broken just above the ankle.

The wind hardened, the snow came thicker and thicker. If it wasn't a blizzard it was a good imitation. The hard frozen stuff whispered and whistled as it piled into drifts, and Sam began to wonder how long he could stick it.

Two miles. Boyd couldn't do it in less than half an hour. Another half-hour for Dan to reach him. An hour at the best. He wondered dully if the cold would get him first. He beat his arms across his breast and took deep breaths, but it wasn't much use. Soon his damaged leg went numb. Sam knew what frost-bite meant. With his gloved hands he raked the snow around himself. Even snow is some protection against frost. Harder it blew and harder, and the snow so thick Sam couldn't see five yards.

"They'll have a job to find me in this," he muttered, and that wasn't a nice thought.

Sam had heaps of pluck. He stuck to scraping up the snow in the hope of keeping his blood circulating, but his movement grew slower and slower. The frost sleep was creeping on him and he could fight it no longer. His head fell back, his eyes were closing, when suddenly something furry fell upon him and a warm tongue lapped his cheek. "Mutt!" Sam said thickly, and knew no more.

Sam was in his bed at Brake o' Firs when he came to himself. His leg ached but the rest of him was warm and comfortable. He opened his eyes, and there was Dan sitting by the bed, watching him anxiously. Mutt was sitting bolt upright beside Dan.

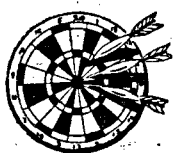
"How you feeling?" asked Dan.

"Fine," Sam answered. "But I reckon I wouldn't be feeling much of anything if you hadn't come when you did."

"It wasn't us," said Dan. "Mutt found you."

Sam reached out a hand and pulled one of the big dog's furry ears. "He ain't so useless after all," he remarked softly.

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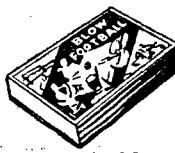
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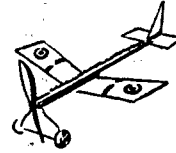
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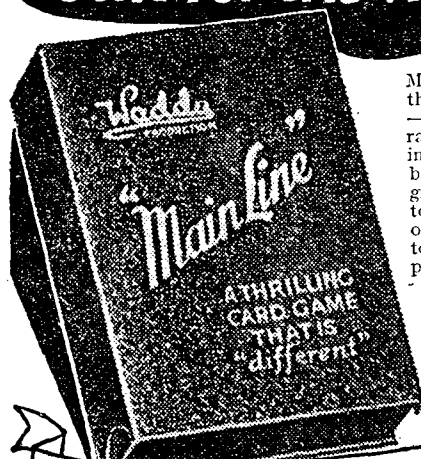
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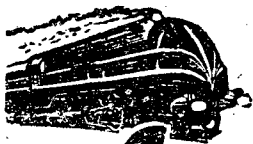
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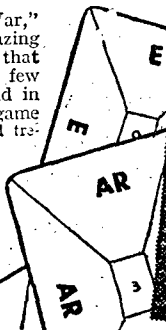
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November 19, 1938

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THE BRAN TUB

Topsy-Turvy

If the butterfly courted the bee
And the owl the porcupine,
If churches were built in the sea
And three times one were nine,
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried by the mouse,
If mamma sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown,
If a gentleman were a lady—
The world would be upside-down.

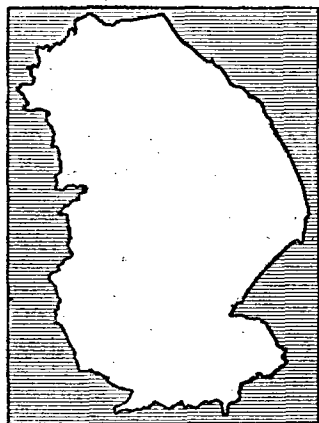
This Week in Nature

A BIRD which may now be seen on its autumn migration is the ruff, so called from the ruff, or frill, which it puts on in the spring. This feature disappears when the bird assumes its autumn plumage of drab and white. The legs of the ruff, and sometimes part of the bill, are orange or salmon-coloured. The female of the species is called a reeve, and bears an autumn plumage similar to the ruff, but does not assume the frill in spring.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Nov. 20. Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape . . . 1497
21. James Hogg died . . . 1835
22. Robert La Salle, French explorer, born . . . 1643
23. Richard Hakluyt died . . . 1616
24. Grace Darling born . . . 1815
25. John Kitto, Bible illustrator, died . . . 1854
26. Henry Ireton died . . . 1651

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

Arithmetical Problem

"That is a very queer clock," said Mr Brown to his friend Mr Smith; "it is affected by the temperature. When the fire is alight it loses three seconds an hour, and when the fire is out it gains five seconds an hour. Yet it is always right at noon;

that is, on the whole day and night of 24 hours it never loses or gains."

"How long do you keep the fire burning?" asked Mr Smith.

"Ah!" replied his friend. "You should be able to work that out from the facts I have given you."

Can you give the correct answer? Answer next week

A Bun For Me



I LOVE the scent of roses,
On blooms my fancy runs:
But though I'm fond of posies,
I'm fonder still of buns.

An Old Proverb in a New Dress

HERE is another way of saying, "Still waters run deep," when next you wish to make use of the old proverb.

When aqueous fluid is perceived by murmuring uninfected, The theory of profundity may safely be projected.

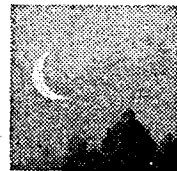
Reading the Date

AFTER putting a coin in the bottom of a bowl and filling the bowl with very soapy water ask your friends if they can read the date on the coin without taking it out.

When they have failed take a thin tumbler and lower it into the water, mouth downwards, right over the coin. There will be no water in the glass and the date can be read through it quite easily.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-west, Saturn is in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east, and Venus will be seen low in the south-east by the end of the week. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, November 20.



Ici on Parle Français



Un éléphant La jungle La bonne
elephant jungle nurse
Je voudrais me promener à dos d'éléphant. Ma bonne en a vu un dans la jungle.

I should like to ride on an elephant. My nurse has seen one in the jungle.

Anagram

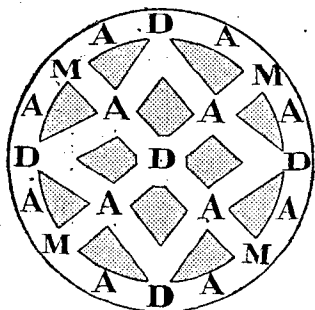
OF letters five am I composed.
I'm wealth—a thousand pounds, or double.
Transpose my letters and you find,
First, that I'm horrid, harsh, unkind;
Then something septic—cause for trouble.
Answer next week

When I C U Do U C Me?

A B flew over the river Y
An L above or so:
"When I C U do U C me?
That's what I'd like to know."
The river Y flowed to the C
And answered cross and low,
"I am the Y and not the D.
That's all I'll let you know."
The little B said "fiddle-D-D,"
And winked his little I:
"I may be little as a P,
But I'm bigger than a fly;
And when my friend the bright-winged J
Calls round to me for T,
O U may stay by bank and K,
U R not fit for me."
The fishes, who had formed a Q
To listen on the sly,
All clapped their fins at the conclusion of the B's reply.

Madam

How many ways is it possible to read the word MADAM in this diagram? You may read up, down, backward, forward; in fact



any way possible along the open paths but the letters in every case must be contiguous. It will be surprising if you can read the word more than 80 ways.

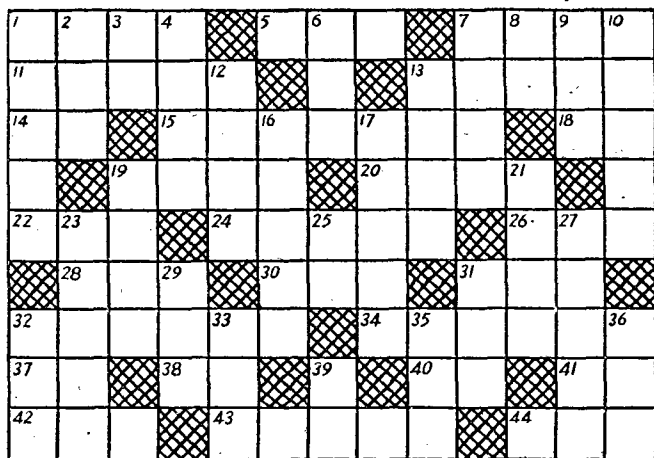
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Logograph. Kill, ill, skill

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

D-apple. D-ace. D-well. D-ear. D-rake
The animals were porcupine, dromedary, armadillo. Elephant, hedgehog, kangaroo. Leopard, panther, buffalo.
The objects were Egg, Yacht, Saw, Top, Owl, Nut—Eyston. Cat, Oar, Book, Bat—Cobb.

The C N Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. A woman of mature years. 5. A gentle blow. 7. Food used as a lure. 11. Gay. 13. A little weight. 14. Expresses an alternative. 15. Superiority gained in conquest. 18. Printer's measure. 19. Ancient stringed instrument. 20. Way between two mountains. 22. A meadow. 24. Holds a blackboard. 26. Skill. 28. The edge of a vessel. 30. Mother's boy. 31. A unit. 32. Food for horses. 34. Footwear. 37. Elevated. 38. You and I. 40. Cold winds come from this quarter. 41. French for of. 42. A snare. 43. Power. 44. A stain.

Reading Down. 1. Comical. 2. We breathe this. 3. Child's name for Mother. 4. A form of ill-will. 6. Appropriate. 7. Acquires by purchase. 8. Indefinite article. 9. Frozen water. 10. To invite. 12. To become fatigued. 13. Spoken, not written. 16. Stop. 17. Reveals. 19. Wild animal's resting-place. 21. Found in the desert. 23. To run away. 25. In this manner. 27. Prepared. 29. The foot of a clawed animal. 31. This and 31 across make two. 32. Humour. 33. Precious stone. 35. Industrious insect. 36. The sheltered side. 39. For example.

Five-Minute Story

Windy Night

THERE was a strong wind blowing, with gusts that brought the russet-coloured leaves down in showers. Dusk was closing in, so when the three young Carters came to the end of the wood Barry glanced at his sisters.

"Just the right time of day to go through the Haunted Field!" he teased.

There was a story that two long-forgotten roads had once crossed on this site and that at their junction had stood a gibbet. Local tradition insisted that at times a ghostly victim could be seen, swinging on a phantom gibbet.

The young Carters only laughed at the tale; nevertheless, even Barry looked startled when there sounded, above the whistle of the wind, a strange creaking noise followed by a loud thud.

They all stopped to peer over their shoulders. However, they saw so commonplace a sight that they looked at one another sheepishly and laughed. A huge hoarding standing in the field had been blown down by the wind!

Chuckling over their brief scare, they strolled on towards a hedge, through a gateway in which they could pass to the flat, marshy ground that bordered the river.

As they stepped out on to the path that crossed this tract they heard another sound that made them start. This time it was a shrill cry for help.

Not far away the surprised onlookers saw a small child struggling wildly.

"He's caught in the bog!" cried Judy, and she would have bounded towards the boy had not Barry held her back. "I've a safer plan," he cried. "Come here."

The girls scurried after him to the field, and he led them to the fallen hoarding. It had been damaged, and for Barry's plan that was fortunate. He pulled out from the wreckage a long plank of wood about a foot wide, and his sisters hastened to do the same. This was the work of a moment or two. Soon the three were dashing back to the bog, dragging their burdens with them.

"Now we'll make a path," Barry declared; then he pushed one piece of wood out across the quaking ground and laid the other two end to end.

This platform was long enough to reach the spot in which the boy was caught. Barry went to the end of it, and stretched out his hands. Then, with the help of his sisters, he was able to release the unlucky boy.

"Well, it's an ill wind—" quoted Barry, with a laugh.

SHAMPOOING is not enough!



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'Danderine'

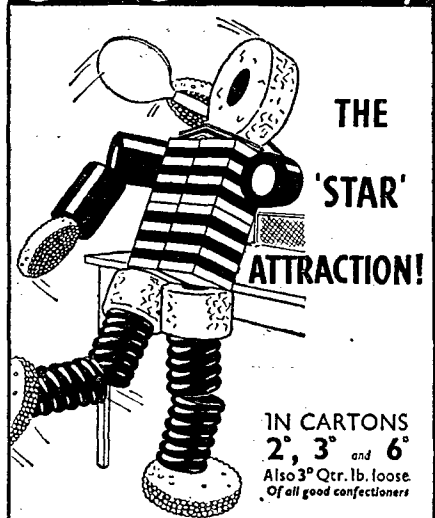
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